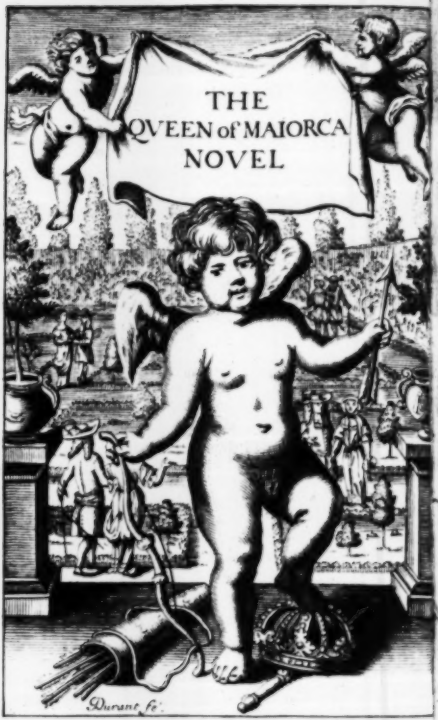

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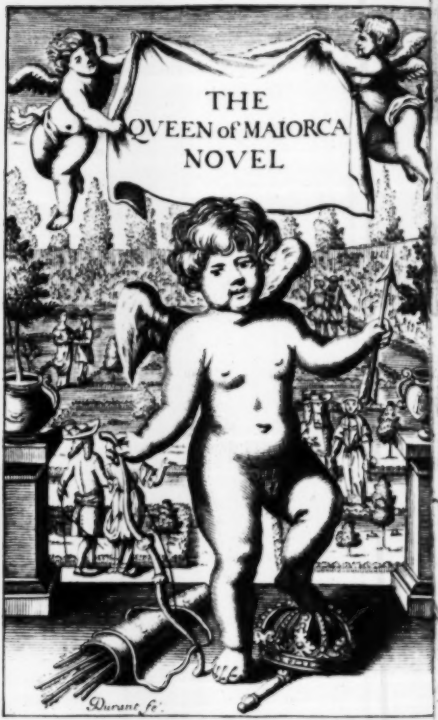

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THE Unequal Match : OR, MARY OF ANJOU QUEEN of Majorca.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

The Second and last Part.

LONDON, Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the *Post-House* in *Russel-street*, near the *Piazza* in *Covent-garden*. 1683.

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MUSEUM

THE UNEQUAL MATCH: OR, MARY OF ANJOU Queen of MAJORCA.

PART II.

THE Gallies of *Naples* having loſt ſight of the Iſle of *Majorca*, on the very firſt day of their Departure met with on the morrow at the

height of *Algiers*, a *Levantine* Breeze, which prov'd contrary to the Courſe they ſteer'd. The *Count* had not ſtirred out of his Cabin ſince his being Embark'd, and his amorous Deſpair which had granted him ſome Truce during the fury of the Combat that had paſs'd before *Belver*, having ſeiz'd him with more violence than ever ſince he had been on Board his Gally, and that he was forc'd to abandon a Countrey where he left all he had moſt dear and precious in the world, he ſhut himſelf up in his Cabin, forbad all manner of interruption, ſpent the Day without eating, and the Night without ſleeping, and plung'd himſelf into ſo great a grief, that there was reaſon to fear the Event of it might prove fatal.

His Attendants very much ſurprized at ſo ſolitary ſort of life, and ſo contrary to his natural temper, eſpecially after an occaſion that had contributed ſo much to his being ſatisfied with himſelf, having put the Queen into a place of ſafety, and perform'd in that Combat ſuch glorious Exploits of

Arms,

Arms, as almoſt paſſed beyond belief, they knew not what to think of this melancholy Retreat. Each one diſcourſed upon it according to his ſpeculations, and moſt were of opinion, That whereas the main deſign of his Embaſſy was to reconcile the King and Queen, he had left them more diſunited than ever, and this they thought the ſource of all his trouble, as fearing his Conduct would not be approved of by the King of *Naples*. None had any ſuſpicion of the truth, but thoſe Perſons who had accompanied him to the very Abby. Their Umbrage had its Source from the Tranſports they ſaw him in at his parting from the Queen, but this was a Myſtery that too much imported the *Count*'s Fortune, for them to reveal it unto others; in the mean while not a man durſt enter his Cabin, and he called for none to keep him company. His greateſt Confidents were under an extream diſquiet, gazing upon one another with grief and trouble, without interchanging a word, but partaking in affliction which they knew not

well the cauſe of; until at length about Noon, he who was upon the Main-Maſt, to diſcover what Sayls there were at Sea, fell a crying, that he ſaw Three Gallies; whereof the Captain of the *Count*'s thought himſelf bound to give him notice, or at leaſt to make uſe of that pretext to enter his Cabin, and endeavour to divert him from that gloomy, melancholy humour. He thereupon conſulted all the principal Cavaliers of the *Count*'s Retinue on Board, who were unanimouſly of his opinion: ſo as without waiting any further Orders, ſeeing there was no pauſing in this Occaſion, he went in accordingly, and ſaw the *Count* lying upon his Bed, his Eyes all ſwoll'n with Tears, his Looks ſo pale, ſo wan, and dejected, that he could hardly have been known again at another time. As this Captain was a man of Sence, he perceiv'd by the cold Reception he made him, that it was with ſpight he ſaw himſelf ſurprized in ſo piteous a condition; but pleading the News he had to tell him for his Excuſe, he added, how at

Majorca

Majorca he had been informed, that *Roger de Loria* was with three Gallies Cruiſing upon thoſe Coaſts, and that it muſt needs be him they ſaw. The *Count*'s Martial Fury being rouz'd and reviv'd at this name of *de Loria*, ſuſpended for a while the Torments he ſuffer'd by his Love, and pardoning the Captain the freedom he had taken of entring his Cabin, he bid him give the Signal to the other two Gallies of his Squadron to make ready their Arms, and prepare all things for the Engagement, and that he himſelf would be in a little time upon the Deck, to ſee if thoſe three Gallies bore the Flag of *Arragon*.

Conſidering the Circumſtances his mind was under at that Juncture, nothing was more capable of diverting it from its ſad and doleful entertainments, than ſuch a piece of News as this, and of finding ſo glorious an occaſion of Combating at Sea againſt the moſt renowned Captain at that time in the *Mediterranean*, after having beaten him on Land before *Catenzano* under the Count *d'Artois*. The Cap-

tain was not miſtaken in his Conjectures, though perhaps he had ſpoke at hazard; for it was indeed *de Loria*, who in deſpair at his having been overcome by ſo young a Cavalier as the Count *d'Aveline*, came to endeavour the having his revenge at Sea, where he hoped to gain the Victory with eaſe. He had received notice of the *Count*'s being ſent *Ambaſſador* to *Majorca*, and that his Squadron conſiſted but in three Gallies, ſo as he would but take the like number to fight him with equal Arms. He had waited already eight days for him near the Iſland, and had no ſooner diſcovered his Gallies, than that unfurling all his Sayls to the Wind, which he had fair, he made up directly to him, with hopes of overtaking him in very few hours, and of having vanquiſh'd him before it was Night. Nothing have great Captains ſo much to fear, as the vanity they receive from their former Conqueſts, and which often makes 'em deſpiſe ſuch Enemies as ſometimes they find more formidable than they had imagined, and who taking advantage

tage of their negligence, ſhew, there is no Enemy to be contemned. *Roger de Loria* was no ſooner within the Chace-gun-ſhot of the Gallies of *Naples*, than that his men cryed out, *De Loria, de Loria*, Strike Sayl to *De Loria*; ſo formidable a name at Sea, that there was not an Enemy but yielded to his firſt Summons: But they had to do with a young Conqueror, who grew the more animated by theſe Cryes, and theſe Names, far from being terrified, or put into a Conſternation; ſo as having forbidden his men to make any Reply, or Fire, before they were within Muſquet-ſhot, he bore upon the Enemies with all his Pavezades to the Wind, and having received the firſt Broad-ſide from thoſe of *Arragon*, which was terrible, he gave the Signal for his men to repay it them, when they were almoſt on Board one another, and to cry out like their Enemies, *D'Aveline*, *D'Aveline*, Down with the Sayls for *D'Aveline de Catenzano*, for the putting them in mind of their Defeat near unto that Town. Never was there a more furious En-

gagement at Sea, than this which was fought between theſe ſix Gallies. One would have ſaid that they were all of a flame; and it was indeed a wonderful thing, how, amidſt ſo much Fire, they were not reduc'd to Aſhes: Eſpecially thoſe of the two Commanders, where was the greateſt Fury and Horror of the Combat, both for Granadoes, and other Fire-works, which were continually play'd, and kept in exerciſe. At length they Boarded one another; the Bridges were laid on both ſides, the Gallies grapled, and the two Rivals in the Head of the braveſt of their Troops, ready to enter each the Gally of his Enemy. The *Count* had taken notice that ſince the beginning of the Combat, a certain young Cavalier, whom he had not ſeen before in his Gally, had ſtill followed and even ſeconded him in the boldeſt occaſions, though there was in his actions more Courage than Strength, and that he ſhew'd more Valor than the delicacy of his Looks could promiſe in the leaſt, inſomuch that being upon the point of mounting upon the Bridge, for to board

board *de Loria*'s Gally, and ſeeing this young Spark ſtill by his ſide, and ready to follow him in his Attack, touch'd with his Beauty, as well as his Reſolution, he deſir'd him to retire, the Peril being too great for him; and that what he had already done was ſufficiently glorious, without needing to ruſh on ſo upon an inevitable death, the entrance they were going to attempt upon the Gally, ſurpaſſing both the weakneſs of his Age, and the ſtrength of his Body. The young Cavalier liſtned to him with a great deal of ſweetneſs, and made him, without any other anſwer, ſuch a Bow, as ſeemd to ſpeak his Obedience to his Orders; but he no ſooner ſaw him upon the Bridge, then following his Tracks and his Example, he not only ſignalized himſelf, but expoſed his own Life two or three times, to ſave that of the *Counts*. So rare a Courage in ſo young, and ſo beautiful a Man, did very much amaze the *Count*, and gave ſo much admiration to the Enemies, that ſome were ready to give back for fear of killing him, and others ſeem'd to ſpare

him out of reſpect. But at length *de Loria*, who diſputed the paſſage of the Bridge againſt the Count *d' Aveline*, having received a wound in his Head, which made him leave the Combat, the reſiſtance was no longer ſo great; the *Neapolitans* made thoſe of *Arragon* buckle, they entred their Gally, and were already Maſters of their Cannon, when *de Loria* hearing this news, ruſht out of his Cabin, notwithſtanding his wound, like a Lyon, in fury, overturn'd all he met with, and having revived his own mens Courage, he conſtrain'd the *Count* to return into his Gally, after having receiv'd three wounds. The young Cavalier who had never abandoned him, having had his ſhare of the Blows, was the onely Prize that *de Loria* took, who having been Eye-witneſs of part of his Actions, comforted himſelf for his not having had any greater advantage, and took as much care of him as he could have done of his own perſon. This Battel having laſted for ſome hours in this manner, the Night came on, which was follow'd with a Tempeſt, which

ſepa-

ſeparated them and the other Gallies alſo, whereof there was one of each ſide that was diſabled, there having been on neither any ſuch conſiderable advantage, as could in the leaſt pretend to Victory, unleſs it were that the *Count* had had the honour of entring *de Loria*'s Gally, out of which nevertheleſs he had at length been repulſed. The firſt thing he thought on, after his Wounds were dreſs'd, was to inquire how the young Cavalier did, who had ſtill fought near his perſon, and with whoſe Courage he was ſo charm'd, that he would give him any recompence, if he choſe not rather to receive it from the hands of the King his Maſter, who was better able to reward him than he was: But exceſſive was his affliction, when he learnt, that he was not to be found in his Gally, and that they knew not whether he was kill'd, or remain'd a Priſoner in that of *de Loria*, out of which they had not ſeen him return. He imagined he had not perform'd his duty, and that having ſuffered that young man to be loſt who had ſaved his life, he had

had done a thing not only contrary to Generoſity, but unworthy of a man of Honour, and that his Honour was concern'd not to return from the Engagement, until he knew what was become of him. Hereupon he made himſelf a thouſand reproaches, which made him again relapſe into his former melancholy humor: But after muſing for ſome while, he ask'd if there was not any perſon on Board the Gally, who knew that young Lord? He was told, That he had had no body with him but a Gentleman, who ſerved him as his Governor, or Gentleman of the Horſe, and who was kill'd in the very beginning of the Engagement: But that as he lay a dying, he had recommended to the Captain of the Gally, to take care of a Cabinet that belonged to his Maſter, and which would make his Fortune, in caſe he did not out-live the Combat. The *Count* was immediately puſht on by an unextreme Curioſity, much more out of hopes of learning to whom it belonged, than out of any deſign of knowing what there was therein; and having

ving ſent Orders to the Captain to bring him that Cabinet, he cauſed it to be opened in the preſence of ſeveral of his Gentlemen who were in his Cabin, and found in it a vaſt number of rich Jewels, a great Sum of Money, and a Picture-Caſe all enrich'd with Diamonds, on which he laid hold immediately, to ſee what it was; but which he had no ſooner opened, than that, he gave a great Exclamation, which was follow'd with a number of ſighs, which he could not keep in, notwithſtanding he uſed great violence not to ſhew his ſurprize, and the blow he had newly receiv'd in ſeeing the Picture of the Queen of *Majorca* which was in that Caſe. The *Pourtrait* he kept to himſelf, but reſtor'd to the Captain the Money and other Jewels that were in the Cabinet, and bid him not trouble himſelf about the Picture, that he would be anſwerable to him for it. After which all the Company withdrawing, this *Pourtrait* brought a thouſand thoughts into his mind, his jealouſie and his love inſpiring him with all that could give him

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the moſt torment, not doubting but that this young Cavalier was ſome unknown Rival, ſo much the more viſibly, in that there were written in Letters of Gold, on the other ſide the *Pourtrait*, theſe words in *Spaniſh*:

Quien quiero ſi no con quien ſon.

He opened and ſhut that Caſe a thouſand times, but continually venting Sighs, ſometimes out of regret, for having loved ſo eaſie and ſo ungrateful a Princeſs, and ſometimes for not having ſoon enough known that there was one of his Rivals on Board his Gally, from whom he might have learnt ſuch Circumſtances of the Queen, as would, perhaps, have cured him of ſo violent a paſſion. He ſpent as uneaſily this ſecond Night, as he had done the former, though in very contrary Sentiments, his Jealouſie combating the tenderneſs of his heart, without abating in any manner the flame and exceſs of his love. In the mean while he was in hopes of renewing the Engagement on the morrow,

row, and perhaps of hearing ſome tydings of his Rival, for whom he could not forbear entertaining an Eſteem, though he had reaſon to hate him in what concerned Love; but he found himſelf diſappointed in his expectations, the Enemies being out of ken, having been parted ſo far aſunder by the Storm that had blown all the Night long; inſomuch that he made directly towards *Naples*, where he received information that the King was gone in perſon to the relief of *Gayetta*, which the Army of *Arragon* held beſieged. He took Poſt, and went thither: But the King having newly received an account of all that had hapned in this Affair, by an Envoy that was diſpatch'd to him by the King of *Majorca*, and who was arrived the day before the *Count*, would not admit him into his preſence, but ſent him Orders to depart his Dominions, and never to ſet Foot there again, until he had received an expreſs Order from his own hand for ſo doing, leaving him the Sea to go fight againſt the Enemies, if he had a mind to't,

to't, or the choice of making his retreat into ſo remote a Countrey, as might give ſome Teſtimonies of Repentance for his ill Conduct. The *Count* obeyed this Order without regret, and received it as a Man, who had prepared himſelf for it beforehand, and even for ſomething more rigorous. He made choice of going to Sea to fight againſt the Enemies, as the moſt glorious, and the moſt conformable to the humour he was then in; courting and ſeeking after nothing but Death, or to live after a ſolitary manner, and ſo as one may do at Sea: inſomuch that being return'd to *Naples*, he had permiſſion to chuſe two of the Crowns beſt Gallies, in which being embark'd with a number of Nobility who would needs follow his Fortune, he left his Countrey, to go and fulfill the unhappy Deſtiny under which he was born, or elſe to deſerve his being re-inſtated in the favor of his King.

Admiral *de Loria* had no ſooner learnt that his young Priſoner was out of danger, and that he had but one Wound in his Arm, which he might be

be cured of in a few days, he ſent for him, and having made him ſit down by his Bed-ſide on which he himſelf lay, by reaſon of the Wound he had received in his Head, he was ſurprized at the Youth and Beauty of his Face, which he had now more leiſure to conſider, than in the time of the Engagement. He commended him extremely upon the Proofs he had given of his Courage, which were not of a young Cavalier like him, but of a dauntleſs Man, as he had ſhew'd himſelf in all that Action.

He ask'd him his Countrey, and having learnt that he was a Native of *Majorca*, and that his Name was *Bellamara*, he offer'd him the Command of one of his Gallies, as a thing in no wiſe contrary to his Honour, there being no declared War between the King of *Majorca*, and the King of *Arragon* his Maſter, as to prefer the Service of the *Neapolitans*, who perhaps would not ſo well acknowledge his Merit, as would do the Court of *Arragon*. This *Admiral* thought he rendred no ſmall Service to King *James*, in

in engaging in his Party a young Cavalier of ſuch great hopes; and *Bellamara* ſeeing that what was offer'd him, was conformable enough to his deſigns, after having return'd him his Thanks for the Honour he did him, and declined the Offer upon the account of his ſmall Merits, and the little Experience he had in Arms, and particularly in Sea-affairs, ſeeing himſelf extremely preſs'd by the *Admiral*, who promiſed him he ſhould have Men of Experience, who would teach him to perfection the profeſſion of War, and eſpecially of the *Marine*, he was prevail'd upon to cloſe with the *Admiral*'s Offer. His Converſation was ſweet and engaging. *De Loria* took delight in ſeeing and hearing him; and this young Cavalier did ſo well inſinuate himſelf into his good Opinion, that he became his Favourite. Upon their arrival at *Barcelonna*, the *Admiral* preſented him to King *James*, as a Gentleman of *Majorca*, who had had a deſign of going into the Kingdom of *Naples*, to learn there the calling of a Soldier, but that Fate had

had made him fall into his hands, to bring him under a Prince, who could give him better Leſſons.

The King received him after a very obliging manner, and confirm'd him in the Employment his *Admiral* had given him, adding thereto alſo of his own Liberality, a greater Penſion than that he gave to all the other Captains. This Court was already acquainted with what had paſſed in that of *Majorca*; and the King thinking he could ſtill be better inform'd by young *Bellamare* who came from thence, ask'd him all the Circumſtances of that Affair, he, knowing more of 'em than any one ſoever, gave him ſo particular an Account, and flouriſh'd all he ſaid with ſo much Wit, that this Prince was charm'd with his Diſcourſe, of which he would needs give the Queen the Diverſion, ſhe having been very curious to know the whole Story, not thinking he himſelf could relate it with all the agreeableneſs this young Cavalier gilded every Branch of it with. This Entertainment was reſerved for the Evening,

when

when all the principal Lords and fairest Ladies in that Court were at the Queens Apartment, who were all raviſhed with the Graceſulneſs, Wit and Beauty of the young *Majorquin*, who being apparell'd that day in the dreſs of a Sea-Captain, charmed no leſs the Ladies by the Novelty and Neatneſs of his Cloaths, than by the Genteel and Gallant Manner of his telling them that whole Affair. The Queen ask'd him a thouſand Queſtions, and all the Court obſerv'd ſhe took delight in hearing this young Stranger talk. The *Admiral*, who ſhar'd in the Honour that was done him, as well out of Kindneſs, as the Eſteem he had conceived for his Perſon, fail'd not to ſpeak of the actions of Courage he had ſeen him perform in the Naval Combat he had had with the Count *d'Aveline*, attributing to him the honour of having in that occaſion more than once ſaved that Lord's life, as he ſaid he himſelf had ſeen. Theſe commendations coming from the mouth of ſo great a Captain as this *Admiral*, produc'd a wonderful effect in the

minds

minds of all thoſe there preſent, and eſpecially of the Queen her ſelf, who could not comprehend how a young Man, who ſeem'd ſo Nice, and ſo little Vigorous, had perform'd ſuch Actions as was told 'em by *de Loria*. The rumor of his Reputation was preſently ſcatter'd every where abroad, he was the Subject of all Peoples diſcourſes for ſeveral days together; and the King, as well as the Queen, ſpoke of him to all they ſaw, and asking 'em, if they had not ſeen the *Admiral* s young *Majorquin*, for ſo he called him.

While Fortune was thus raiſing Captain *Bellamare*, which a Stranger could not have pretended to in ſo ſhort a time in a Court, where there were ſo many handſom Cavaliers, and who had if not more Merit, at leaſt had done more Service than the Captain, came News of the Count *d'Aveline*'s being out of favour; that his King had baniſh'd him; and that he was put to Sea with two Gallies, to cruize upon the Coaſts of *Barcelonna*.

Roger de Loria hearing talk of this deſign,

deſign, was the firſt to come offer himſelf to the King, to ask his leave to go fight that young audacious Perſon, who durſt with two Gallies venture upon their Coaſts. The King having need for him in Expeditions of greater conſequence, told him, That it was not for an *Admiral* to go every day pelting his Enemies with his Piſtol; and that he would ſend the young Spark the *Majorca* Captain, whom he had already ſeen give ſuch proofs of his Courage. The *Admiral* very well ſatisfied that the King in refuſing him this Commiſſion, gave it to a Cavalier who was his Creature, and whom he lov'd extremely, aſſured this Prince, that though this was the firſt tryal of that young Captain, he was perſuaded that he would acquit himſelf of it with a great deal of Honour, and that the Count *d'Aveline*, if they met, would find no leſs to do than if it were he himſelf. At the ſame time he let brave *Bellaman* know the deſign that was on foot, who overjoy'd that all ſo well ſucceeded to the deſires of his heart, came to kiſs

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the King's hands in the preſence of the Queen, who hearing of the King's intention to ſend the young *Majorca* Captain againſt the Count *d'Aveline*, did all ſhe could to diſſuade the King from this deſign of his, repreſenting to him, that the match was very unequal, that young *Bellamare* had not any experience; whereas the other had commanded by Land, and made ſeveral Campagns. Nevertheleſs the King ſtood fixt to his firſt Reſolution, with ſo much the more pleaſure, in that he ſaw this Cavalier's mind ſet and eager upon this Commiſſion, he humbly beſeeching the Queen that ſhe would be pleas'd not to oppoſe the Honour the King was pleas'd to confer upon him. This Princeſs could have wiſhed that Captain *Bellamare* had received the effects of her goodneſs after another manner, took ſome pet at his obſtinacy, and no longer look'd upon him with ſo favourable an Eye as ſhe had done, until the day of his departure that he came to take his leave of her Majeſty. *The Glory that is to be acquired by Arms*, Bellamare, ſaid ſhe to him,

him, *muſt needs be the Darling of your heart, ſince you prefer it before the Counſels of thoſe who bear you an Affection, and who are afraid of loſing you: But go fight*, added ſhe, bluſhing a little at the ſame time, *and becauſe I'le partake in the good or ill ſucceſs that may befall you in all your Enterprizes, take the Name of Knight, for I bring good luck to all thoſe I favour with that title.* The young Captain, who did not expect ſo much favour, received with due regard the Honour this charming Princeſs did him, employ'd all the Wit and Rhetorick he had, in returning her his humble Thanks, and having kiſs'd her Hand with Teſtimonies of a moſt profound Reſpect, and of an high Acknowledgment, he withdrew to his own Lodgings until towards Night that he was to receive his laſt Orders from the King, with whom the Queen thought fit to be in that occaſion, that ſhe might give the young Captain a Scarf before all the Court. Not a Perſon formalized upon this favour, knowing her to be the moſt gallant and moſt generous Princeſs upon earth.

Bel-

Bellamare being become the Queens Knight, Embark'd thereupon to go ight the Count *d'Aveline*, having two Gallies, which the *Admiral*, who wiſh'd that the ſucceſs of his Enterprize might be anſwerable to his Courage, had caus'd to be armed with all he braveſt Men in all the Troops of *Arragon*; and after having given him ome advice and inſtructions, he embrac'd him with an extraordinary tenderneſs, as if he had been his own on, and took his laſt farewell of him with almoſt tears in his eyes. It was great Calm at that time at Sea, and he two Gallies of *Arragon* falling to heir Oars, they arrived on the morow at the height of the Iſle of *Majorca*, from which *Barcellonna* is but 35 eagues diſtant. The Knight of the Queen had bid them ſtear that Courſe, r that knowing what paſs'd in the art of the Count *d'Aveline*, he d not doubt but his inclinations ould draw him towards that Coaſt, r to learn ſome News of the Queen *Majorca*. As indeed this was not together void of Probability, had it

him, *must needs be the Darling of your heart, since you prefer it before the Counsels of those who bear you an Affection, and who are afraid of losing you: But go fight*, added she, blushing a little at the same time, *and because I'le partake in the good or ill success that may befall you in all your Enterprizes, take the Name of Knight, for I bring good luck to all those I favour with that title.* The young Captain, who did not expect so much favour, received with due regard the Honour this charming Princess did him, employ'd all the Wit and Rhetorick he had, in returning her his humble Thanks, and having kiss'd her Hand with Testimonies of a most profound Respect, and of an high Acknowledgment, he withdrew to his own Lodgings until towards Night that he was to receive his last Orders from the King, with whom the Queen thought fit to be in that occasion, that she might give the young Captain a Scarf before all the Court. Not a Person formalized upon this favour, knowing her to be the most gallant and most generous Princess upon earth. *Bel-*

Bellamare being become the Queens Knight, Embark'd thereupon to go fight the Count *d'Aveline*, having two Gallies, which the *Admiral*, who wiſh'd that the ſucceſs of his Enterprize might be anſwerable to his Courage, had caus'd to be armed with all the braveſt Men in all the Troops of *Arragon*; and after having given him ſome advice and inſtructions, he embrac'd him with an extraordinary tenderneſs, as if he had been his own Son, and took his laſt farewell of him with almoſt tears in his eyes. It was a great Calm at that time at Sea, and the two Gallies of *Arragon* falling to their Oars, they arrived on the morrow at the height of the Iſle of *Majorca*, from which *Barcellona* is but 35 Leagues diſtant. The Knight of the Queen had bid them ſtear that Courſe, for that knowing what paſs'd in the heart of the Count *d'Aveline*, he did not doubt but his inclinations would draw him towards that Coaſt, for to learn ſome News of the Queen of *Majorca*. As indeed this was not altogether void of Probability, had it

not been that the *Count* using some prudence for the managing the Glory of that Princess, and not to incur any farther the displeasure of his King, kept some measures, and did not so near approach a place where all the desires of his heart demanded his making to; so as they were several days without meeting, by the ones keeping too near the Isle, and the other too much aloof.

The *Majorca* Captain, in whom a thousand secret motions rais'd a cruel impatience to find out the *Count*, being at length weary of waiting for him there, caus'd his Gally to make *Civovgue*, and veer towards the Coast of *Italy*, when doubling the last Cape of the Isle, they discovered a Sayl, which they perceived an hour after to be only a Bark, which carried the Banner of *Naples*, and came from the Coasts of *Majorca*. He presently made Chace after her, to make her a Prize, which he valued not at all, but to learn some tydings from the Court of that Kingdom, in which he took great interest, and to know if they had

not

not seen upon the Coasts any other Gallies besides his. He came up to that Bark in a very few hours, and his men having given the Signal to the Master to take in his Sayls, and to come on Board their Captain, unless he had a mind to try the effect of his Cannon. He obey'd the Command, and having launch'd out his Boat, he came and fell on his knees to the Knight, to ask him at least his liberty. This generous Captain having made him rise, told him, That he was neither a Pyrat, nor a Scowrer of the Seas, to triumph over a Man who was not in a capacity of making his defence; that neither his own person, nor any that belong'd to him, needed to be under any fear; and that he had only summon'd him on Board, to know if he had either seen or heard of any Gallies being near the Island, and how matters stood with the Queen of *Majorca*. This Master made him answer, That as for the Gallies, he had heard of none but what were at a considerable distance from the Isle; and as for what concern'd the Queen, there was a

Neapolitan Lady on Board his Veſſel, which was better able than he to give him an account of that Princeſs, becauſe ſhe had been married to a Captain of the King's Guards, who being dead, ſhe was returning to *Naples* to her Parents. The Captain bid him go and fetch that Lady in his Pinnace, and aſſure her ſhe ſhould not run any danger by her coming.

The Maſter return'd accordingly to his Ship, and endeavoured to diſpoſe the Lady to go ſee this Captain, who beſides being Maſter of their Lives, as well as of their Liberties, would make her come by force, if ſhe made any difficulty of obeying his Order; aſſuring her moreover, that the Captain was the moſt affable, and the ſweeteſt natur'd man he had ever ſeen in all his life; and more than all that, the moſt beautiful and beſt made that was in all the world.

Theſe Qualities did ſomething reincourage the Lady, who, with the inconveniency ſhe ſuffer'd from the Sea, lov'd rather to dye, than fall into the clutches of a rude and barbarous man,

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as moſt commonly are all Seamen and Terpawlins. She roſe from off her Couch, on which ſhe was lying, and being by the Maſter's, and the Mooreſſes help ſhe had with her, got into the Pinnace, was carried on Board the Knight of the Queens Gally. At firſt Bluſh, the Riches of her Garments, which ſurpaſſed the luſtre and means of a Captain of the Guard's Wife, ſurpriz'd all thoſe who were come up to the ſide of the Gally to ſee her arrive; but her gracefulneſs at the coming on Board, her Air, her Shape, and her Port created Admiration: She had her Hoods down ſo as all might not ſee her Face, and ſhe only rais'd 'em up at her entrance into the Captain's Cabin, at whoſe Feet ſhe caſt her ſelf immediately, and deſir'd him to take pity of a wretched perſon that had nothing more dear in the world than her Honour, wherein if ſhe receiv'd the leaſt injury, ſhe would not ſtick a moment to deprive her ſelf of life.

Sir *Bellamare* had no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon her, than that he thought

he ſaw again the Queen of *Majorca*'s Face; and his Ears were no ſooner ſtruck with the Accent of her Voice, than that giving a great ſhriek, which ſtrangely amaz'd thoſe who were in his Cabin, and which interrupted the Lady, he turn'd away on the other ſide, to conceal the diſorder the ſight of an unhappy Princeſs put him in, and gave Order ſhe ſhould be conducted into the ſecond Cabin, and that all the care imaginable ſhould be taken of her, without explaining himſelf any farther upon the Quality of that Lady, nor what it was that obliged him to treat her ſo generouſly; having moreover ſent for to her a Mooreſs by whom ſhe was ſerved, and whom ſhe ask'd for.

All this Conduct was attributed to a generoſity of heart very common with him, and to the Complaiſance which ſuch a young and handſom Cavalier, as he is bound to have for a Lady, though he had not ſhown himſelf at the Court of King *James* over-diligent in his Addreſſes to that Sex. In the mean while he ſent not back

back the Maſter of the Ship, to whom he had promis'd his liberty, and that he would not do him any hurt neither in his Perſon, nor in what belonged to him; and there were ſeveral too of his People who not being ſufficiently acquainted with him, thought he would not keep his word in that matter; and that if he retain'd the Lady Priſoner, as in all probability he deſign'd, ſince he had already appointed her a Cabin in his Gally, he would alſo retain the Maſter and the Ship, as being likewiſe lawful Prize: But they were very much miſtaken in their judgment, and no leſs than prying into the very bottom of his heart, would have been neceſſary for them to have known the real Motive of this delay. Never was Soul under greater torment, nor more irreſolved than his: He had a thouſand motions to ſtruggle with, and knew not what courſe to take; whether he ſhould ſend that unfortunate Princeſs back into her ſhip, and ſuffer her to continue her Voyage to *Naples*, or whether he ſhould take her along to *Barcellonna*. Pity on one

ſide, and Jealouſie on the other, divided his heart, and he was reſolved to follow the moſt generous ſentiments of the former. When word was brought he muſt prepare for Fighting, and that the two Gallies of *Naples* which he had been ſo long ſeeking out, did newly appear from behind a Point of the Iſle, where they had lain hidden to wait for them at the paſſage.

This News inſpiring other Cares and other Thoughts into Captain *Bellamare*, he bid the Maſter of the Barque return on Board his own Veſſel, and hover near his Gallies, that he would reward him after ſuch a manner, that he ſhould not repent him of this delay in his Voyage; for that he ſtood in need of him for a certain Negotiation he was carrying on in the Kingdom of *Naples*. This Maſter found the Captains way of proceeding very generous, to ſend him thus again on Board his own Veſſel, and truſt him after ſuch a manner, when he might have kept him in his Gally, as a Pledge of his Fidelity; but Free-

dom

dom is a thing ſo precious, and there is ſo little pleaſure in being in Enemies hands, that notwithſtanding all the promiſes and good treatment he had receiv'd from ſo civil a man, he fancied he ſhould ſtill be more ſafe, the farther he was from him; ſo as he no ſooner ſaw the four Gallies engaged, than that making uſe of the little Wind there was, he hoiſted up all his Sayls, left them a fighting, and endeavor'd to make his Eſcape.

The Queen was in her Cabin, having her mind bury'd in an infinite number of thoughts, upon the ſtate of her Fortune, which inſtead of carrying her to *Naples*, was leading her a Priſoner to *Barcellonna*; as if ſhe had not already misfortunes enough with which ſhe was oppreſſed, without having this new addition, which for any other and in another Conjuncture, would have been the greateſt of all; but as it freed her from the trouble of ſeeing her Father, by whom ſhe knew not how ſhe ſhould be receiv'd, and that ſhe was in hopes of ſeeing her Brothers, who were in Hoſtage at *Barcellonna*,

cellonna, from whom she expected some small indulgence. She look'd upon this misfortune, I say, with quite different Eyes, standing more in fear of the moment she was to appear in the presence of King *Charles*, if he was displeas'd with her Conduct, than the worst that could happen to her. Her mind was wholly possess'd with such like reflections as these; sometimes sighing, and sometimes strugling and encouraging her self against all Accidents whatsoever, thinking her self sufficiently happy in being out of the hands of the King of *Majorca*, which she look'd upon as the worst of all Conditions she could fall under, though she were to have spent the rest of her life unknown in the world. The love she had for the Count *d'Aveline* fail'd not likewise to have its share in all these thoughts, and this was what comforted her for all her misfortunes, nay, sometimes gave her the most affliction. She had done all for her glory against all the sensibility of her heart; and yet this Affair had made as much noise, and had cost her,

and

and would perhaps coſt her ſtill as many tears, as if ſhe had follow'd the tender inclination which drew her towards that Count.

Alas! ſaid ſhe in her ſelf, *If at leaſt for the reward of ſo many torments, I could ſee him once again; If I could tell him, after all the ſuffering of ſo many hardſhips, what lies heavieſt upon me, is the troubles my Duty have obliged me to plunge him in, and that the onely regret I ſhall have of my Death is, the not having lay'n in my power to render him happy.*

While all theſe different thoughts of tenderneſs and grief did ſo extremely poſſeſs her mind, the Gallies were coming in ſight of one another, and they were ready to begin the Engagement, though all the noiſe & hurry which the Mariners make in ſuch occaſions, had not been capable to free her out of that penſive humor. When ſhe, at length, heard the Cannon, ſhe was at firſt ſomething terrifi'd, and asked what the matter was? Was told,

told, that two Gallies of *Naples* were come up againſt them, which they were going to fight with, and that if ſhe would but take the pains to put her head out of the Cabin-window, ſhe would quickly ſee a terrible flame. The Count *d'Aveline*, for he it was who ſince his laſt departure from *Naples*, had not yet met with any occaſion of ſignalizing himſelf, was over-joy'd to meet with ſo fair an opportunity, and taking advantage of the Weather-gage he had over the Enemies, he thunder'd upon 'em with all his Sails ſpread, his Streamers in the Air, but was receiv'd with no leſs boldneſs and reſolution. He knew not who the Commander was of thoſe two Gallies, he heard 'em huzzaing the name of *Bellamare*, which he was a ſtranger to, having never heard talk of ſuch a Captain, and he paſſionately long'd to be boarding, that he might diſpute the Victory with him; but the Sea was ſo rough, though there was not much Wind, as it ſometimes happens, that he could never attain to the laying a Bridge.

During

During all theſe Endeavours, as the Gallies of the two Combatants came ſometimes ſide to ſide to each other, Count *Annibal* was very much ſurpriz'd, that turning his Eyes upon the Poupe of that of his Enemy, he fancy'd he ſaw again his young Rival who had fought by his ſide in the late Action that had paſs'd between him and Admiral *de Loria*, and who with a Sabre in his hand perform'd the office of a Captain in that Gally; and his Opinion being found conformable to that of ſeveral Officers who were on Board his Gally at the time of that Engagement, and who were of their Captain's Opinion, that it was the young *Majorca* Cavalier, he was uneaſie, and not at reſt, until he had come to ſpeak to him. So as ſeeing that neither the Time nor Sea were proper for the Combat, being more puzled to defend themſelves againſt the Billows, than againſt the Blows of their Enemies, he caus'd a Truce of two or three hours to be demanded of him, that he might have a particular Conference with Captain *Bellamare*:

Then

Then making himſelf known to him from on Board his Gally, gave him Anſwer, *That as for the Truce, it would be unhandſom in him to refuſe it to ſo brave a man as the Count* d'Aveline; *but as for the particular Conference, he deſired to be diſpenſed from cloſing with it, having Reaſons, beſides thoſe of War, which would not allow him to enter into ſo cloſe a Conference with him, unleſs he became either the Conqueror, or the Priſoner.*

During this Parley, a Suſpenſion of Arms was agreed on by both Parties, though to the great amazement of the men on each ſide, not knowing the reaſon thereof, and every one liſtning to the Diſcourſes of the two Commanders. The Queen, who had not had the courage to ſtir out of her Cabin, during all the noiſe and hurry of the firing of the Muſquets, ſeeing all to be huſht up in ſilence of a ſudden, took that occaſion to ask, if they knew who it was commanded the two *Neapolitan* Gallies, and hearing it to be the Count *d'Aveline*, all tranſported with

with joy, ſhe got upon the Deck, to ask leave of Captain *Bellamare*, to ſpeak two or three words to the *Neapolitan* Commander, whom ſhe was particularly acquainted with. But her requeſt was ill receiv'd by this young Cavalier, whom ſhe had till then thought ſo affable, and obliging, and who in this occaſion ſeem'd ruder to her than became him, in refuſing her a thing which could not bring him any diſadvantage, by ſending her back into her Cabin with words which were ſomething too bitter for a man who had thitherto treated her with ſo much Civility:

Go, Madam, ſaid he to her, with a cholerick tone, *We have no need of you here; we have nothing to do with your Diſcourſes; and you will do much better in your Cabin.*

And ſeeing ſhe did not obey him quick enough, he threatned to have her carry'd thither by force; that ſhe was not to ſtay, until they were wanting to her in that reſpect which he

he knew to be due to her. She withdrew all in disorder, at her being treated in this manner, but it was not without turning her Head twice or thrice towards the Count *d'Aveline*, whom she thought she saw upon his Gally: As indeed it was him she saw, and who saw her too, without being however able to imagine it was she, there being so little probability of such an Adventure. The Combat was renew'd, but all their shots miss'd, and were lost, by reason of the agitation of the Sea, which became every moment rougher, and more high, until at length the Night, which was extremely dark, made 'em lose sight of one another, not to meet again in a long time.

The Queen, who possessed her self somewhat better the last time she spoke to this Captain, had observ'd some features in his face, as also by the accent of his Voice, as made her think he could not be altogether a stranger to her, yet without remembring where it was she had seen him. Insomuch that in the midst the trouble she was in, to see her

her self so near the man she lov'd, and not to be allow'd to speak to him, she fail'd not of having some disquiet upon this Captain's account, whom she really thought she knew, since he had spoken to her of Respect, and that he was so very much against the Favour she begg'd, of being suffer'd to speak to the Count *d'Aveline*. And besides that Exclamation he made the first time he saw her, and the rate and manner he caus'd her to be serv'd at, did but too well justifie her Suspicions. She knew not his Name, but that might easily be chang'd, and thereupon inquiring more particularly about him, she was inform'd that he was a *Majorca* Gentleman, newly arriv'd at the Court of King *James*, with whom he was much in favour, in consideration of the Admiral, by whom he was protected, and who had procur'd him that Commission. Nevertheless these new Informations perplex'd her more than ever, not knowing any Body of that name at *Majorca*, and having never seen so handsom a Man at the Court of the King her Husband. Insomuch

ſomuch that this Curioſity of unravelling who this ſame Captain could be, made her almoſt as uneaſie as her Love, which on the other ſide tormented her heart with a thouſand deſires, and had made her wiſh that either the one or the other of thoſe two Commanders might get the Victory, to receive her Liberty from the hand of her Lover, or to ſee him a Priſoner with her. She wiſh'd ſhe could have made her ſelf known through the Cabin-Window to ſome one on Board him; but though they ſaw a Woman, they underſtood not her ſigns; and in a time of Fight when every one was buſie, they had ſomething elſe to do, than to liſten to her, or to make her any Anſwer.

The *Count* ſpent that Night as a Man in Deſpair, making Imprecations againſt the Wind and Sea, for having diſappointed him of a Victory over a Man to whom he indeed ow'd his Life, but who was his Rival, and who had not in his opinion, receiv'd, as became him the offers of Civility he had made of coming to a particular Con-

Conference with him, declining it upon poor ſorry reaſons of Policy, which ſince he himſelf had thought fitting to paſs over being the oldeſt Captain, ought not to have been any obſtacle to the other in this matter.

His Pilot fearing ſome Storm would ariſe in the Night, after the Weather it had been that day, had got as near as he was able to the Coaſts of *Majorca*, where they found at break of day a Bark from *Naples*, which had taken ſhelter there alſo out of fear of foul Weather, and which was the very ſame that the Queen had been on Board of.

As for the Gallies of *Arragon*, in all probability they were gone again for *Barcellonna*, the Wind ſtanding fair for that Place; and beſides, the Sea was then too rough for Gallies, the *Count* thought it would be to no purpoſe for him to go after them, being got ſo far before him. Inſomuch that ſtaying upon this Coaſt, he ſent for on Board the Maſter of that Veſſel, to know from whence he came, and to give him

him ſome things in charge, in caſe he went to *Naples*, or to *Majorca*. The *Neapolitan* Maſter, after having ſatisfi'd him upon the two Points he deſir'd to know, that is to ſay, that he came from *Majorca*, and was bound for *Naples*, proceeded on to the giving an Account of what had hapned to him with Captain *Bellamare*, whoſe Generoſity he thought he could not ſufficiently extol; adding, That he had treated no leſs obligingly a *Neopolitan* Lady, who was on Board his Veſſel, in order to her paſſage to *Naples*, and to whom this Captain caus'd all the Reſpects, and all the Devoirs imaginable to be paid on Board his Gally. The *Count*, after having told him that he had ſeen that Lady upon the Stern, ask'd him, What Perſon that was? And the Maſter made him Anſwer, That he was not very well inform'd of her Quality; that he had only learnt from her ſelf, that ſhe was the Wife of a Captain of the King of *Majorca*'s Guards; was returning to *Naples* to her Parents, having been obliged by Reaſons ſhe had not made

him

him acquainted with, to embark haſtily in the Night; and had given him for her Paſſage a Ring, which ſeem'd to be of great value. The *Count* having had the Curioſity to ſee that Ring, found it really very fine, and very rich, and judg'd from thence, that that Lady muſt needs be ſome perſon of great Conſideration.

He ask'd the Maſter, If there was no body on Board his Ship who knew her? Whereto he made him again Anſwer, That there was a Moor, who came as her Servant, with a Woman of the ſame Nation, who was with the Lady in the *Arragon* Captain's Gally. The *Count* had a deſire to ſee this *Moor*, and had him ſent for at the ſame time, and who ſpeaking ſomething frankly, gave him to underſtand, how that he had help'd that Lady to make her Eſcape from the Caſtle of *Belver*, where ſhe was confin'd with the *Mooreſs*: But that he knew not for what reaſon, nor of what Quality ſhe was, only the *Mooreſs* had given him to underſtand, that ſhe was a perſon of great Conſidera-

ſideration, and who would make his Fortune, if he ſerv'd her faithfully.

During this Relation, the *Count* remain'd as motionleſs; and though this *Moor* had given him no great light into this Story, which he perceiv'd was not without ſome adventure of conſequence, he felt in his Soul certain motions, which ſeem'd to foretell him, that he had more ſhare therein than he imagin'd. Nay, it came ſeveral times into his mind, that it might poſſibly be the Counteſs of *Palomet*, whom he knew to be a daring, enterprizing Woman; and who having been concern'd in the Queens Affair, might well have fallen under the ſame diſgrace and diſfavour, the King of *Majorca* being a violent Prince, who undoubtedly had fallen foul on all thoſe who ſerv'd that Princeſs, and particularly the Counteſs, who paſſing for her Confident, the King could not fail of believing her the Inſtrument of all this Intrigue. He queſtion'd the *Moor* again concerning the Perſon of that Lady, to ſee if he could know

know her by his deſcription: But he drew him a Picture very different from that of the Counteſs, and which reſembled more the Queen: Nevertheleſs he could not figure to himſelf ſo extraordinary an Adventure of that Princeſs, who had made himſelf ſenſible of her, preferring her Glory, before all that could happen to her moſt cruel.

He ask'd the *Moor* with more Curioſity than ever, but with a Curioſity full of fear, leſt he ſhould know what he could not well imagine, and which devoured all his Senſes; he ask'd him, I ſay, if there was not in the Veſſel, ſome Cloaths, or ſome ſmall Knacks which that Lady had left, and which might diſcover to him, who this Perſon was he told all theſe Circumſtances of.

He reply'd, There was none, unleſs it were a Pacquet of Letters, which at her going on Board the Captain's Gally ſhe had left with him, with expreſs Order, that in caſe ſhe did not return, he ſhould caſt them into the Sea. The *Count* bid him go fetch the Pacquet

Pacquet immediately, and having open'd it trembling, his Amazement was ſuch as may be imagin'd, caſting his Eyes the very firſt upon Letters of his own Hand-Writing; but his Grief was not to be conceiv'd, when he found they were the ſame he had written to the Queen:

Juſt Heavens! cry'd he, letting all thoſe Papers fall out of his hands, *Should it be poſſible that it was She Her Self! And can I believe what I ſee! How, ſhall I have had the Queen ſo near me, and have left Her in the Arms of a Rival, who ſnatches Her from me! Ah Deſtiny! Cruel Deſtiny!*

Then he paus'd, oppreſs'd with ſo much grief, that it depriv'd him for ſome moments of his ſpeech; & calling at the ſame time for his Pilot, he bid him, without any further delay, weigh Anchor, and make Sail for *Barcellonna.* This Man amaz'd at ſuch a deſign in a time ſo improper to put to Sea, being hardly able to ride at Anchor, would have repreſented to him that the danger

ger of being ſhipwrackt was evident, if he put off from the ſhore in ſuch Weather as that: But the *Count* would not liſten to him, and after having reproach'd him with his Cowardice, he told him that he was the cauſe that thoſe two Gallies of *Arragon* had eſcaped being taken by him, though there was no fault in the Pilot, but the Sea was too rough, as we have ſaid, for Fighting: And he added, that if he meant to repair his Fault, he muſt make all poſſible diligence to endeavor to overtake them, and that it would be ſome comfort to him, if he could ſay he had done what he ought to do, in purſuing 'em at leaſt to their very Port.

The Pilot not believing that any Body could be more dear to him than the Commander's own perſon, went out of his Cabin to go execute his Commands, and amaz'd all the Officers that were on Board that Gally, and had any underſtanding in Sea-Affairs, and who knew not what the *Count*'s deſign was, who could have only taken that Reſolution out of

meer Deſpair. However no Body durſt ſay any thing to him upon that account, every one kept ſilence, and having weigh'd Anchor, they left themſelves to Fortune, though with a certain aſſurance they were going to periſh.

The Gallies of *Arragon* had run no ſmall Peril during all the Night, they were ſeparated by a Tempeſt, and notwithſtanding all that that could do, which follow'd Captain *Bellamare*, there was no means poſſible to keep with him in ſuch foul Weather, and in ſo dark a Night: Inſomuch that this of the Knight arriv'd the next morning all alone at *Barcellonna*, without knowing what was become of the other.

The Queen of *Majorca*, who had heard all the Night the Hurry and Buſtle the Mariners had made, and the terrible noiſe of the Wind and Sea, with which the Gally was extremely toſs'd, found it not hard matter to underſtand, that they were in great danger of being caſt away; but her Soul was then under thoſe Circumſtan-

ſtances, that nothing that threatned Death was capable of ſtaggering it, ſhe would have receiv'd it as a Preſent from Fate; and while that all the Boldeſt and moſt Reſolute men that were on Board that Gally were trembling, ſhe liſtned with ſuch a tranquility as is beyond imagination, to all that confuſion of Cryes and Voices which the Seamen and Mariners made, and which ſerv'd her almoſt for Divertiſement. She got not only out of her Bed to ſee what the matter was, which not only amazed the Captain, but thoſe who pretended to the moſt Undauntedneſs and Reſolution in thoſe occaſions. Great care was taken of her: *Bellamare* was perpetually ſending People to know what ſhe ſtood in need of, and this Princeſs was very much ſurpriz'd, that notwithſtanding all this diligence and care, he was ſo unwilling to diſcourſe her in perſon, and know the reaſon of her expoſing her ſelf thus to Sea in a condition ſo unbecoming her Dignity, if it was true that he had diſcover'd who ſhe was, as ſhe did

not doubt but that he had, after all the Regards he had had for her, and all the Reſpects he caus'd to be paid her, cauſing her to be ſerv'd with all the Reſpect that could have been expected, had they look'd upon her as the Queen of *Majorca*. All theſe Conſiderations did ſtrangely augment the Curioſity ſhe had of knowing who this Captain was, even to the tormenting her ſelf cruelly upon the matter, and reproaching her ſelf for her little remembrance of a man, almoſt all the Features of whoſe Face ſhe knew again, as well as his voice, yet ſo as ſhe could not recollect her mind to know who he was. But this was leſs ſurprizing than this Princeſs did imagine, and Captain *Bellamare* was ſo different from what he had been when the Queen knew him, whether for the colour of his Complexion, which was become Tann'd, by being Weather-beaten at Sea; or for his Manners, which his Employ of Captain had made him take a Habit neceſſary to his Deſign; whether for the vigour of his Body, which was become ſtrong

and

and robuſt, by much exerciſing himſelf to laborious things, and which required Fatigue; Whether, in ſhort, for the diſguiſe of his Cloaths, which were quite contrary to what he was, that others yet more acquainted, and more familiar with him than was this Princeſs, though ſhe had been ſo to a great degree, would not have known him again, there being ſo little probability of ſuch a Change, and ſo little likelihood of ſuch a Deſtiny.

As ſoon as they were arriv'd at *Barcellonna*, he went on ſhore, to go give an account to the King of his Voyage. He was receiv'd with all the Teſtimonies of Goodneſs and Affection that he could have expected from ſo generous a Prince. The *Admiral*, who had had the firſt notice of his Arrival, and who had been inform'd by one of the Officers, that Captain *Bellamare* had ſent to him at the very firſt of their Arrival, of what had paſs'd in his Engagement with the Count *d'Aveline*: This *Admiral*, I ſay, had not fail'd of ſcattering abroad the report of it about all the

Court to his advantage. Inſomuch that the King, who was already pre-inform'd in the buſineſs, no ſooner ſaw him, than that falling a laughing,

Come Conqueror of Conquerors, ſaid he to him, embracing him while he was upon his knees to kiſs his hand, *You have now made that young and formidable Warrior ſenſible, that there be thoſe who are more valiant, though younger than himſelf. You have not gain'd over him a conſiderable Victory; but it is ſufficient for your firſt Tryal, that you oblig'd him to ask a Ceſſation to paſs for the Conquerour.*

The young Knight of the Queen bluſhing at the Praiſes the King beſtowed upon him, and which he had not altogether merited, defended himſelf after a very modeſt manner, attributing to the *Count*'s Generoſity, rather than to his Weakneſs, the Propoſition he had made him of that Truce: And continuing his Diſcourſe, he added, That he was owing to the

fortune

fortune of his Arms a greater happineſs than that, though he ſhould have overcome the Count *d'Aveline*, and have taken him with his two Gallies, ſince he brought his Majeſty in his own Gally the Queen of *Majorca*.

The Queen of Majorca, ſaid the King interrupting him, with an aſtoniſhment, that made him ſtep two Paces back, *What you ſay*, ſtill purſu'd he more and more ſurpriz'd, becauſe he had heard no talk of this, *Can there any Credit be given to it? And are not you miſtaken?*

Sir, *I have not only no reaſon at all to doubt of it*, reply'd the Captain, *I am of the ſame Country*, continu'd he, *I know her, and when you ſhall think fitting to ſend ſome one on Board my Gally, to ſee if my words be true, you will find that I am not miſtaken.*

The King wholly tranſported with joy at this News, which nevertheleſs he could not yet give Credit to, ask'd him with extraordinary earneſtneſs,

after what manner he had made a Purchaſe of that Conſequence? But when Captain *Bellamare* fell a telling him, That he had met with her in a Veſſel, wherein ſhe was Embark'd, in order to her taking refuge with the King of *Naples*, accompany'd only by a *Moor*, and a Woman of the ſame Nation.

This Prince, I ſay, not being able to perſuade himſelf of the likelihood of ſuch an Adventure, fell a laughing, and told him, *That it might be, perhaps, ſome Lady, who that ſhe might be the better treated by him, thought fit to paſs for the Queen of* Majorca, *whom, perhaps, ſhe might reſemble.*

The Captain, without perſevering any longer in defending what he ſaid, which he knew to be true, made no Reply to the King, who could not forbear having an extraordinary Curioſity to ſee this Lady; but he fancy'd that for the advantage of the young Captain, he was not to proclaim ſuch a piece of News, which would have made him have been Ridicul d, for flat-

flattering himſelf with having taken the Queen of *Majorca*, while that it would be found to be a trick of ſome Woman, who was not, perhaps, of a Condition above what's common. He only deſign'd to take along with him the three Princes Brothers of the Queen of *Majorca*, whom he had in Hoſtage, without telling them, however, the buſineſs in hand; and paſſing at the ſame time to the Queens Apartment, whither he had this young Captain, knowing him not to be diſagreeable to her, he told her as a Raillery the fine Prize her Knight fancy'd he had taken.

This Princeſs bearing him a great Eſteem and Affection, would needs ſecond him, and told the King, *That this was not impoſſible; and that ſhe would not altogether doubt of it, until ſhe had ſeen the Perſon.*

The Captain ſaid nothing in his own defence, and kept himſelf in a certain Gravity, that ſhew'd he was ſure of what he ſaid: But there needed no leſs Complaiſance than the Queen had for him, to believe him only upon his bare word, ſhe drew

upon her ſelf a 1000 Railleries from the King, which neither was he ſparing of to the Knight, and leaving her ſtill laughing, told her that he was going to take along with him the three *Neapolitan* Princes, to go ſee their pretended Siſter.

The Captain follow'd him, it being his duty to be upon his Gally, ſince the King was going thither; and the Queen commanded him, notwithſtanding all this Prince had ſaid to her already, that he ſhould come and give her an immediate account of all that ſhould paſs in this Interview, that if he was not miſtaken, as ſhe hoped he was not, ſhe might likewiſe have her turn to laugh at the King's Incredulity, on whom all the Confuſion would fall if they had won.

Yes, Madam, ſaid that Prince who heard her, *We are going to ſee who has had the moſt reaſon to believe, or not believe ſuch an Adventure; and you have nothing more to do, than come and receive that beautiful Queen.*

Cap-

Captain *Bellamare*, upon leaving the Apartment, ask'd the King's leave to go make things ready for his Reception upon the Gally: which that Prince granted him, and told him laughing, *That he muſt not forget, at leaſt, to make his Queen put on all her Finery, that ſo the magnificence of her Robes might be anſwerable to her Quality.*

The young Captain very moderate made him yet no Anſwer, thinking it beſt to leave him the pleaſure of diverting himſelf at his Expence, until he had ſeen his Priſoner; but he prepared a much greater for himſelf, when he ſhould ſee the Princes her Brothers, the infallible Arbitrators of this difference, would juſtifie what he ſaid. He had already before-hand ſo much joy as he could hardly contain, and as ſoon as he was come on Board his Gally, he let the Queen know, that the King, and the Princes her Brothers, were coming to ſee her.

This Princeſs ſeeing after this Information, that the Captain had really known her, was altogether ſurpri-

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zed at his Carriage, in not coming to ſee her; and then making ſome Reflection upon her ſelf, and upon the Circumſtances ſhe was then under, ſhe could not forbear ſhedding ſome tears in the diſorder ſhe was in to appear before ſo great a Prince like a Slave and a Priſoner.

The King arrived, attended with the three *Neapolitan* Princes, and this Interview had certainly ſomething very rare, and very ſingular; for as thoſe Princes did not expect to find the Queen their Siſter in that Gally, and that the King was come with a prejudice, that it was ſome cunning Woman, who play'd upon the young Captain's incredulity, the ſurprize and amazement were ſuch on both ſides, that the King remain'd a long time without ſaying a word, ſeeing a Lady whoſe majeſty had very much of the Princeſs, but of a Beauty and Air ſo charming, that ſhe ſurpaſs'd all the fine Women he had ever ſeen in the World. But he was perfectly undeceiv'd, not without finding his ſurprize augmented, when he ſaw that the

the Princes her Brothers knew her for their Sister, and that there were tears shed for joy and tenderness on both sides.

The King, who had at first accosted her with the Air of a Monarch, did then lay aside his haughty Carriage, and treating her as a great Princess as he saw she was, he paid her Respects, which few Sovereigns are used to pay in their own Dominions, not to the Daughters of their Enemies, as she was, but to the first Queens of the World.

Captain *Bellamare* was in a Corner, seeing all this Scene pass; and the truth is, the King was for some while without daring to look upon him: But falling, at length, a laughing towards him, he gave him a sign to come to him, and turning towards him, to give those Princes the freedom to entertain themselves some moments in particular with the Queen their Sister: *Go*, said he to him softly, *Go carry the News to the Queen that she has won, and make the best advantage you can of so fine a Prize, for the Prisoner is yours.*

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So conſiderable a Preſent ought to have tranſported our Captain with joy, ſince it was capable of making happy any man that had not been a Sovereign Prince, as indeed this Cavalier was not: However, without appearing ungrateful at ſo great a Generoſity as that Prince did him, he did not ſeem ſo overjoy'd as to conſider this Bounty as a great Fortune. He went immediately to the Queens Apartment, to whom he gave an account of what ſhe was deſirous to know; and at the ſame time the King's Graciouſneſs in having been pleas'd to give him his Priſoner, for the making of her all the advantage he could; but that if he durſt do it for her freedom, without fearing that the King ſhould find fault therewith, he would ſend her back without Ranſom, becauſe his Prize had coſt him neither Blood nor Pains; and that it would be much more glorious, and more honourable for him to take that courſe, than for him to take advantage of ſuch a throw of Fortune, as he had not in the leaſt contributed to.

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The Queen wondring very much at this Generosity, knew not what to think of it; and more than charm'd, that in a young Cavalier there should be sentiments worthy of a King, she could not sufficiently admire him, and ask'd him, smiling,

If in so generous a Resolution there was not some tenderness mingled, which engaged him in a Procedure so foreign to those of other Cavaliers under his Circumstances, who did not pretend to those excesses of Generosity, when their Fortune is to be made. She had heard several times that the Queen of Majorca *was one of the most lovely Princesses upon earth, and it was no new thing that Love should inspire a young man so well made as he, with sentiments of an extraordinary Generosity.*

The Captain made her answer, *That he had had for a long while a great deal of Respect and Complaisance for that Sex, as every Gentleman of Honour is obliged to have; but that as for tenderness or inclination for a Woman,*

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he had never known what it was; and that all the People on board his Gally could teſtifie for him, that having had for her all the Regards that in general are owing to ſo great a Princeſs, he had been but over-negligent in paying her his particular Devoirs, having never made her any Viſit, no nor courted the occaſion to ſpeak to her.

The Queen fell a ſmiling again, and reply'd, *That this was a little too much, and that ſo much Rigour ſavor'd of the ruggedneſs of a Terpawlin; but that ſhe fancy'd it was an effect of his extraordinary Prudence, which making him fear that the ſight of that beautiful Princeſs would ſo prevail over all his ſenſes, as to hinder him from performing his duty ſo well as he had done, had adviſ'd him to avoid ſeeing her.*

Captain *Bellamare* not thinking that theſe thoughts of the Queen were to his diſadvantage, left her in that opinion, that ſo he might not be engag'd in a further ſolving of this Myſtery, and a Gentleman then coming in

in from the King to give the Queen notice, that the Queen of *Majorca* would not come on ſhore till Night by *Flambeau*-Lights. The Captain withdrew with order however from the Queen, to come the next day, and acquaint her with all the Circumſtances that had occurr'd both in his Engagement with the Count *d'Aveline*, as in the taking the Queen of *Majorca*, which the King had only told her in general.

Thus may we believe, that at this rate this young Captain was in a fair way of raiſing his Fortune to a conſiderable pitch, as well by the means of this Princeſs who favor'd him with her Protection, as of the King who honour'd him with his good Will. Nevertheleſs his heart was not ſatisfied; and while that outwardly all was triumphing on his ſide, inwardly he groan'd under the misfortune of a ſecret flame, which was not only ill taken, but wholly deſpis'd by the Party whoſe inclinations were beſtow'd upon another Object.

Time, which is the common reme-

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dy to thoſe ſort of Evils, had not in any wiſe diminiſh'd hers; and though he had taken the figure and employment of a Man, he only found in his heart the weakneſs of a Woman. All contributed to his happineſs, and he alone, contrary to himſelf, was his own Ruine, and courted and purſued thoſe misfortunes he might have ſaved himſelf from. It ſeems when we have only to complain of our ſelves for our ill Fortune, it is more eaſie and ſupportable; but how hard and how ſevere it is when a proneneſs and an inclination hurries us to it, nay, and an inclination that cannot be ſurmounted.

The Count *d'Aveline* lay under a great miſtake, in looking on him as his Rival; and did him great injuſtice, in hating him upon that account. The ſentiments he had for him, were quite of another Character; and if he had expos'd his Life for the ſaving his, it was leſs to render himſelf acceptable to and merit of his perſon, than to ſatisfie the motions of his own heart. Nothing but what he could

could do for that dear *Count*, could afford him any pleasure; all the rest was look'd upon by him with eyes of indifference, and rather as obstacles to his Designs, than as advancements to his Fortune. In a word, it was the Countess of *Palomer*, who was no less passionate for him under the figure of a Sea-Captain, than she had been under her own name, and under the title of *Lady of Honour* to the Queen of *Majorca*.

The *Spanish* History relates such feats of Arms of hers which she perform'd at Sea, as surpasses all that ever was said of the greatest Heroines. I have contented my self here with couching such of her Actions as have the most of probability, that I might not fall into that Romantick Excess, which the *Spanish* Historians do sometimes engage themselves in, in favour of their Nation.

Captain *Bellamare*, that we may continue to treat him under this name, as long as he remains disguised in this manner, return'd on Board his Gal-

Gally, where he found the King in diſcourſe with the Queen of *Majorca*, who falling a laughing as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him:

See, Sir, ſaid ſhe to the King, *the moſt Civil and moſt Exact Captain in the World towards his Priſoners in all outward Reſpects and Regards, though the moſt negligent for internal Devoirs, who ſending perpetually to inquire how I did, never came once into my Cabin to ask me it himſelf, and to comfort me, which is a thing People ſtand moſt in need of in ſuch occaſions. Yet he is a Native of* Majorca, *knew me at the very firſt for what I am, and I fancy I ſhould know him too. All this makes me very deſirous to know what it was could oblige him, ſeeming ſo Civil a man, not to be more humane towards me, in keeping me better company, and telling me who he was.*

The King fell immediately to excuſing him, pleading the Reſpect he thought was owing to ſo great a Princeſs, being, perhaps, afraid of incommoding her, by rendring her any

any perſonal Viſits: Nevertheleſs, at length, being led on by Complaiſance, he ranged himſelfe on the Queens ſide, to make ſome obliging Reproaches to *Bellamare*, who ſeeing himſelf obliged to make Reply thereto, retorted,

That during the little time the Queen had been on Board his Gally, he had been ſo taken up with the Obligations of his Charge, whether in fighting againſt the Enemies, or in defending himſelf againſt the Sea and Winds, that he had not been able to acquit himſelf altogether of what he ow'd her; and that all hours not being proper for that purpoſe, he knew not what time he could have taken to have gone and received her Orders.

And in finiſhing theſe words, he made them a great Bow, and withdrew, ſeeing the Queen look'd upon him after ſo fix'd a manner, as having made him bluſh, ſhe was capable of putting him out of countenance. She had no ſooner heard him ſpeak, than that ſhe was more ſtronger than ever poſſeſs'd

poſſeſs'd with the fancy that ſhe knew him, and that particularly too: And the King, who took notice more than once, with what application and diſorder ſhe ey'd and view'd him, paſs'd ſuch a judgment of this carriage of hers, as was not over-much in favour of that Princeſs: and grounded his opinion upon appearances, and upon the reproaches ſhe had juſt made this young Captain, he fancy'd ſhe had been taken with his Merit and his Beauty. Thus are we often deceiv'd, when we fall to judge by the eyes, of the ſentiments of Peoples hearts.

The Hour being at length come for the going on ſhore, Queen *Iſabella*, accompanied with the principal Ladies of her Court, and with a number of Lords, came to receive the Queen of *Majorca* upon the very brink of the Mole. In this firſt Interview was it, that they made the greateſt Careſſes, and the moſt endearing Proteſtations to one another, returning both in the ſame Litter, and lodging both in the ſame Apartment, having not yet had time to cauſe one to be prepar'd

that

that was worthy of ſo great a Princeſs; and as the King, who was the moſt generous and magnificent Prince upon the earth, deſign'd hers ſhould be.

All the Court crowded to come and ſee the Queen of *Majorca*, and the Acclamations they made upon her extraordinary Beauty, did ring ſo in all places, that Queen *Iſabella*, whoſe ears they firſt of all grated, began already to be diſpleaſed. She pretended to Beauty, and with reaſon, being one of the loveliеſt Princeſſes of *Spain*, but not ſo young as the Queen of *Majorca*, neither was her Complexion ſo fine, nor was ſhe ſo tall, which contributes much to the majeſty of Perſons, who are rais'd to ſo high a Rank, and which made the other out-ſhine and dazle her when they were together. She had indeed heard much of her being a great Beauty; but as thoſe ſort of Rumors run often unjuſtly, and that they flatter at a diſtance thoſe Perſons we do not ſee, ſhe was in hopes that there would be ſome imperfection in her, that would put her out

out of all fear. But this was what she could not find in all her Body, and the more she consider'd her, the more did she find her a perfect Beauty. It is a great vexation for a Lady who stands possess'd of the first rank in a place, to see another come who has the better of her, if not in Authority, at least in Beauty, which is no less an advantage; for the Empire of the Eye, is among Women something as nice and as glorious, as that of States.

This jealous Princess did all she could to dissemble the ill humour she was in; nevertheless not so well, but that those who knew her more particularly, as the King did, did observe it by the alteration there was in her countenance. He accosted her to know the reason of it, which he guess'd at well enough, and falling a laughing, to endeavour to put her into a better humour:

The truth is, Madam, said he to her, *that I have lost both to you and Captain* Bellamare, *but I have paid him for my Incre-*

Incredulity, in giving him his illuſtrious Priſoner.

Yes, SIR, anſwer'd the Queen, *but he is yet more generous than you, ſeeing if you will be pleas'd to give him leave, he will ſend her back without Ranſom.*

Without Ranſom! A Princeſs! reply'd the King with ſuch an aſtoniſhment, as caus'd him to make ſome reflections which poſſeſs'd him for a while; and then of a ſudden renewing the diſcourſe, *This is*, ſaid he, *what I cannot perſuade my ſelf of a Cavalier of ſo much reaſon as the Captain, and I gueſs pretty near at who it was that has inſpir'd him with this Chimerical deſign.*

Nothing but the Greatneſs of his Soul, reply'd the Queen to him, who eaſily perceiv'd he meant her, by thoſe words, and whoſe jealous ſpirit he knew, *and I ſtill know better the reaſons which ſome have to oppoſe it.*

If ſome have Reaſons, reply'd the King to her, who began alſo to be out of humour, *they are Reaſons of State. In ſuch a juncture as this, good uſe muſt be made of our Advantages. It is not uſual to ſend back the Daughter of an Enemy at this rate, with whom Affairs may be pois'd and balanced, if by the viciſſitude of Arms they ſhould run counter to us. And if a young hot-brain'd Spark will play the Fool, I ſhould be madder than he, ſhould I ſecond his folly.*

After theſe words, declining any farther Parley with the Queen, leſt his Paſſion ſhould be wrought up to too high a ferment, he turn'd towards the Queen of *Majorca*, and the Princes her Brothers, who were all in the ſame Chamber, diſcourſing diverſly upon indifferent matters.

Queen *Iſabella* ſaw her uneaſineſs and diſquiet augment every moment. The King did not humour her in the leaſt; and as he was the Prince of the World, the moſt gallant and moſt com-

complaiſant for Ladies, he could not forbear ſaying a thouſand obliging things to a Princeſs on whom there were ſo many to be ſaid: but he, as it were, aſſaſſinated the Queen his Conſort, who was conſtrain'd, at length, to withdraw into her own Room, upon a ſlight Pretext, fearing ſhe ſhould not be always ſo well Miſtreſs of her ſpirit, as to be able to hear all the ſoft and amorous things which her perfidious Husband ſaid to that Princeſs, without ſhewing her Reſentment.*

She knew the ruling Paſſion of that Monarch, who had already ſigh'd for more than one Beauty; but the truth is, they were rather amuſements of heart, than real inclinations. There was in thoſe Amours more weakneſs of Temper, than ſolid Paſſion, the Conſequence whereof went not very far; one Engagement ſtill drove away another, and the laſt was ſtill the Miſtreſs of his heart. But now the Circumſtances were not the ſame: She lay under the fear of a Princeſs of an exquiſite Beauty, who had newly

been engag'd in an open Gallantry, who had left the King her Husband, and had the Air of extending such a Conquest as that of King *James* so far, as might prove troublesom and inconvenient to the Queen his Wife. After this rate did she argue in her self, and we may believe that the mind of a Woman is little at rest, when it is possess'd with thoughts of this nature. Neither did she indeed sleep for several Nights; and became so chang'd, that she was necessarily to pretend her self not well, though nothing but her mind suffer'd, and not her body; but it was no easie matter for her to conceal from the eyes of the prying Courtiers, the true occasion of her torment.

Yet what she found most cruel in all this business, was, that she durst not speak to the King of what she endur'd, well knowing that it would be a thing to no purpose, and that the upbraiding a Husband with his Perfidiousness, is not always the true course to reclaim and fix his wavering, staggering virtue. Of all those she

ſhe ſaw at that time, there was none but her Knight, and Captain *Bellamare*, in whoſe Converſe ſhe took any delight, and who was capable of giving her any comfort; for that not being able to forbear talking of this Foreign Princeſs, there was not one ſhe diſcourſt with but commended her extremely, not knowing, perhaps, the intereſt that oblig'd her to take it ill. This Captain was the onely Perſon who look'd upon her with a great indifferency, and who commonly oppoſed the Reaſons of thoſe who found her ſo very Charming, nay affirming, what they call'd perfect, exquiſite features of Beauty, were full of imperfection; which afforded very great delight to Queen *Iſabella*, who contradicted him ſometimes, for the amuſing of others, and for the obliging the Captain to maintain the more ſtrongly what he aſſerted, as accordingly he did, whether with good or ill Reaſons.

In the mean while the King, who had all the Reſpect and Complaiſance for that Princeſs, that never ceas'd

from the Evening to the Morning, did sufficiently testifie that he was of their side who found her extremely charming, which was, and with reason too, the greatest Party, there being none but the Queen his Wives Confidents, who held the contrary with Captain *Bellamare*.

Now did Balls, Turnaments, and other Diversions, abound more than they had ever done at that Court; and this Queen seem'd much rather to be at *Barcellonna* as a Princess who commanded in the Kingdom, than as a Prisoner, and the Daughter of a potent Enemy. The Princes, her Brothers, were also much better treated by the King than they had been before, and all savor'd of the good humor of King *James*, in favour of the Queen of *Majorca*, who was look'd upon at that time as a Person capable of making the Peace between the two Kings.

I leave the Ladies to think who have been susceptible of any jealousie, what anxiety and painful hours Queen *Isabella* must lie under at that time; she

ſhe who paſs'd for the moſt jealous of all Women, when imprudent People, and who thought to make their Court to her the better, came to acquaint her with all the Gallantries, and all the Magnificency the King did upon the account of that Princeſs; for ſhe was not at 'em her ſelf: Whether not to ſeem pale and dejected, as ſhe was in the preſence of a Beauty, whom nothing vex'd or put out of humour, and who had all her Luſtre: Whether not to be Witneſs of her defeat, and to afford ſtill this Triumph to her Rival.

But what quite put her in deſpair, is, that knowing that the King, who had given a magnificent Train, and which ſurpaſs'd hers, to that Queen, was ſeeking in his Court for ſome Well-bred Man to be her Gentleman-Uſher, ſhe propos'd Captain *Bellamare* to him, as a Perſon who beſt merited this Office, the King having already given him all the Pretenſions he might have over that Princeſs: But this Soveraign being already too much in love with the Queen, to forbear being

jealous, refus'd her that requeſt, and gave her this reaſon, *That he would have a Perſon in whom he could confide more, than in a Man who out of a flaſh of Youth, rather than Generoſity, would ſend her back without Ranſom.*

Whereupon the Queen, who eaſily div'd into the true cauſe of this pretence, and who had demanded that place for her Knight Sir *Bellamare*, for no other reaſon, than that believing him wholly at her diſpoſition, ſhe was in hopes of learning by his means all that ſhould paſs between the King and that Princeſs, being no longer able to curb the motions of her Jealouſie, ſuffer'd them to evaporate into Reproaches and Upbraidings, which the KING being accuſtom'd to, laid no great ſtreſs upon. He not only refus'd *Bellamare* the Employment of the Queen of *Majorca*'s Uſher, but he had alſo forbidden that Captain to ſee this Princeſs, upon pain of his diſpleaſure; and ſo much the more, foraſmuch as ſhe was perpetually telling the King, ſhe was extreme-

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ly desirous to see *Bellamare*; and this Prince becoming daily more and more enamor'd on this beautiful Queen, became also more and more jealous of her.

This Prohibition was observ'd very punctually by this young Cavalier, and though this Princess had sent him several times word, that she was desirous to speak with him, he still desir'd to be excus'd, for Reasons, which perhaps he one day might tell her, at which she was very much surpriz'd, and complain'd thereof, at length, to the King, who promis'd to bring him himself, though he did not do it till a long while after.

The Count *d'Aveline*, for it is time now that we return to him, having left him in such great danger at Sea, having set Sail in such foul Weather, underwent all the worst of hardships a terrible Tempest is attended with, except Ship-wrack. He was carry'd, toss'd at the pleasure of the Winds and Waves all that day, and all the night, with the danger of being swal-

low'd up by the Billows inceſſantly before his Eyes, which he ſaw with an unconcern'd look, and as the ſhorteſt and ſureſt Remedy to all his Evils. But Fortune, which ſports with, and makes a May-game of men, takes ſometimes delight in ſeeing thoſe who court their own deſtruction, and makes ſuch things prove misfortunes to ſome, which would be the happineſs of others. The *Count*'s ſecond Gally periſh'd unluckily in his ſight. His own reſiſted the danger, and the Tempeſt ceaſing on the third day, he came within ſight of *Barcellonna*, near the Port of which he took towards the Evening, a Veſſel that came out from thence, and who inform'd him of the Arrival of Captain *Bellamare*, who had taken the Queen of *Majorca* Priſoner.

He learnt that King *James* had receiv'd that Princeſs with extraordinary magnificence; and that he had caus'd the moſt ſtately Apartment to be furniſh'd for her that had ever been ſeen; that all the Court was preparing for Feaſts and Turnaments; and

that

that never had they ſeen ſo much Expence as the King was at, for the entertaining this Princeſs.

Count *Hannibal* heard all this news with an agitation of mind and heart, as made him change colour two or three times. He queſtion'd the Maſter of that Bark again concerning Captain *Bellamare*, whom he was inform'd to be in great favour at Court, eſpecially with Queen *Iſabella*, and that the King had given him for reward the Ranſom of the Queen of *Majorca*. This laſt Point afflicted the unhappy *Count* even to death it ſelf, ſeeing that all favour'd his pretended Rival; and as the Maſter of this Ship, who was no Man of the Court to know all the other News, told him nothing more of any moment, he diſmiſs'd him to his own Veſſel, for to take afterwards ſuch Reſolutions as the deſpair of his heart inſpir'd him with. He had two Rivals to maintain the Field againſt, for he already liſted King *James* in that rank. But this young Captain was the Rival he fear'd moſt, well knowing that a Throne was not what

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was moſt capable of charming the heart of a Princeſs, for whom there was nothing high enough, and who contemned Crowns: But that Youth, Gracefulneſs and Beauty of a Cavalier to whom ſhe had already given her Picture, who had had her ſo long on Board his Gally, and on whom her Liberty depended, was what was moſt dangerous, and to which this haughty and ungrateful Princeſs might perhaps have yielded. He call'd for his greateſt Confidents, communicated to them the deſign he had of going aſhore that Night upon ſome occaſion, as was eaſie for him to invent, and commanded 'em to conceal his abſence from the reſt, to give out that he was ſick in his Cabin, and to come and take him up eight days afterwards, at a mile below *Saint Philippe*, a ſmall Town two Leagues beſow *Barcellonna*, near which he diſembark'd with his Pinnace.

He had diſguis'd himſelf like a plain *Spaniſh* Soldier, and having waited till break of day, that the Gates of the City were open'd, he went

went in without any difficulty, knowing perfectly well the language of the Countrey, and betook himself to such an Inn as was conformable to his Equipage, that so he might run the less danger of being discover'd, than in a great one, whither too many People resort. He presently fell applying all his Wit to the contriving some means of speaking to the Queen of *Majorca:* But this Court was not so eatie as that of *Naples*, and there was more difficulty than he imagin'd in his undertaking; for the King was not only almost perpetually with that beautiful Queen, hardly ever left her day or night, but the manners in regard of Women were very different in this Countrey from those of *Italy*, where since the House of *Anjou* reigned there, they follow'd almost the *French* way of living. Add that King *James*, who was become jealous of this Princess, kept her as a real Prisoner in his Apartment, from whence she stirr'd not out without his leave, & none went in, but whom those who were appointed for her Guard gave

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an account of to the King. This Conduct did not over-well pleaſe this Princeſs; but what afforded her diverſion, was the jealouſie the Queen lay under upon her account, and which ſhe could no longer be ignorant of, ſince it was become the talk of all the Court. Perhaps too that ſhe would never have imagin'd that the King's Aſſiduities to her, were out of any other Motive than meer Gallantry, if this jealous Princeſs had not made her obſerve by the coldneſs of her Carriage, and the haughtineſs of her Behaviour, that there was ſomething of Love in the matter.

She had contributed nothing to it on her ſide, her heart was already prepoſſeſs'd with a Paſſion, which that of the greateſt Monarch of *Europe* could not have drove away, though he had laid with his Crown that part of the World at her feet.

True it is, that ſhe had not been over-ſorry at the King's being ſo taken with her, this is too natural to that Sex.

True it is alſo, ſhe receiv'd very agree-

agreeably all the Complaiſance he had for her, and her Carriage towards him too was very civil and obliging; but this was not with the proſpect and intent of a Conqueſt, ſhe aim'd at making him a Friend, and not a Lover; and her deſign made a greater progreſs than ſhe deſir'd it ſhould have done.

She had conſider'd that beſides her particular intereſt, which ſhe ſhould find in the amity of that Prince whoſe Priſoner ſhe was, it would be no ſmall ſtep towards the reconciling her with the King her Father, nor a mean advantage in the World for the reprieving and re-eſtabliſhing her Glory, which had been ſomewhat tarniſh'd by the great noiſe the Count *d'Aveline*'s Paſſion had made, if ſhe could prevail with King *James* of *Arragon* to make Peace with King *Charles*, in a time eſpecially that this laſt had gained great advantages over the other, having re-taken *Catenzano*, beaten *de Loria*, and rais'd the Siege of *Gayette*, which the Troops of *Arragon* had beſieg'd.

She

She had conſider'd, I ſay, that for the compaſſing ſo great a Work, ſhe ſtood in need of gaining abſolutely this King's heart: And the truth is, that if ſhe made no great Efforts for that purpoſe, having naturally Charms enough to engage a heart leſs ſuſceptible than that of this Prince, without borrowing thoſe of Art, ſo neither would ſhe do any thing that could prove contrary to what ſhe deſir'd, though ſhe eaſily perceiv'd that the Queen, conſidering the humour ſhe was of, would ſuffer extremely by this Conduct, and afford matter of diſcourſe to all the Court. But at length the King wearied her Patience, whether by the hard Conſtraint he kept her in, under pretext of the Cuſtom of the Countrey, and that going very ſeldom into Town, and ſeeing very few People at her own Lodgings, were the means to re-eſtabliſh her ſelf in the World.

She wanted not underſtanding to unravel the true reaſon of this ſlavery, which diſpleas'd her ſo much the more, as that ſhe was not taken with the

the Lover. Thoſe who are only conſider'd out of reaſons of Policy, eaſily become troubleſom, when they mean to make uſe of the Rights of beloved Lovers, and who ſet no Bounds to the continual Addreſſes which they make.

She was ſo tyred out with thoſe of this Prince, that ſhe deſpair'd of ever being able to bring about what ſhe deſir'd of him; not but that ſhe judg'd from all the Circumſtances of his Carriage to her, that it would be an eaſie matter for her to compaſs, and more eaſie too than ſhe imagin'd, there being no very paſſionate Lover as this Soveraign was, who refuſes any thing to a Miſtreſs; but ſhe was afraid of its coſting her too much, and that all the Charges of that Peace would be plac'd upon her account. So as beginning to have a diſguſt to this Monarch, ſhe reſolv'd to uſe him to another Conduct, to ſee if he would not change his Carriage towards her, and fell a treating him with a more indifferent Air than ſhe was uſed to do.

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The King, who was not long without taking notice of this alteration, for Lovers are ſo very nice in ſuch Caſes, that the leaſt Change in the Behaviour of thoſe Women they love, is immediately perceived, was very much in pain to know what could oblige this charming Princeſs, to treat him leſs obligingly than ſhe had yet done.

He examin'd himſelf from one end to the other; took an account of all he had done, and of all he had ſaid; and after having ſometimes accus'd, and ſometimes excus'd himſelf in many things, that could not poſſibly be Criminal, he concluded, That the occaſion of this cruel Coldneſs paſſed his underſtanding, and that ſhe muſt either be ill inform'd of the ſentiments of his heart, which could not be more ſubmiſſive to her than it was, or that ſhe muſt have maliciouſly been prepoſſeſs'd to his diſadvantage. Theſe ſorts of doubts, ſometimes, trouble a Lover more, and put him to more torment, than if he had been abſolutely diſcarded, or was fallen under

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ſome other great misfortune. But what was moſt cruel in this buſineſs for this King, was, that he durſt not complain of this Procedûre, nor beg a right underſtanding upon this matter, knowing the haughty humour of this Princeſs, who might, perhaps, have told him ſuch things as would have occaſion'd an abſolute Rupture. Neverthelefs he reſolv'd, after having had two or three of the moſt cruel Nights he had ever paſs'd in all his life, to ſpeak to her of the buſineſs, and to reconcile himſelf well with her, or to dye at her feet, Death being to him ſomething more comfortable, than to live with her in ſuch a coldneſs of heart, without knowing the cauſe thereof.

Queen *Iſabella*, who had 'em both watched day and night, had notice of the little miſunderſtanding there was between the King and that Princeſs; but a little Coldneſs is ſometimes the occaſion of the greater Union between Lovers: at leaſt ſhe made no great advantage of this juncture; for her perfidious Husband more pettiſh than ever,

ever, made her endure part of his ill humour, as if ſhe had been the cauſe of the ill ſucceſs of theſe Amours. Inſomuch that this irritated ſtill more and more this jealous Princeſs, againſt the Queen of *Majorca*; and ſhe was meditating in her head ſome furious deſign for the revenging her ſelf on the Traytor, and for the puniſhing her who was the occaſion of the Treaſon. We cannot go againſt our Deſtinies, and when we are to be unhappy; every thing ſeems to contribute towards our Ruine.

The End of the Second Part.

THE

THE *UNEQUAL MATCH:* OR, MARY OF ANJOU Queen of MAJORCA.

PART III.

IN the mean while the unfortunate Queen *Mary* had nothing more that afforded her any comfort, since this Idea of making Peace between the two Kings which she had so

ſo agreeably flatter'd her ſelf with. All her time now was attended with anxiety and trouble, and ſhe ſpent it ſolitarily in her Cloſets ſighing, and ſometimes weeping, ordering all thoſe ſhould be told who came to ſee her, and eſpecially the King, who wearied her more than all the reſt, that ſhe was indiſpos'd, or that ſhe was aſleep. And as ſhe had one day plung'd her ſelf into that ſad, gloomy, melancholy humour, ſhe had word brought her for three times together, that one of the King's Pages was extremely deſirous to ſpeak to her upon ſome buſineſs that imported her very much. This Princeſs having already deny'd him admittance, and knowing it was not the cuſtom of that Prince to importune her with thoſe ſort of Meſſages, but rather to come himſelf, ſurpriz'd to find this Page ſo obſtinately perſevering, and curious to know what buſineſs this could be of ſuch great moment, bid the Lady who came to give her notice of it, let him come in, and ſhe ſaw a handſom Man enter, whom ſhe had not yet ſeen, and who indeed

indeed was above Twenty years of Age; but at that time they wore the Truncks till thirty. This Page, I ſay, whom ſhe receiv'd in her Cloſet, and who had a Letter in his hand, who made a ſhow as if he would deliver it to her, advancing towards her, and ſhutting the Cloſet-door after him, as the King's Pages had the right of doing, when they had any ſecret to tell her from their Maſter, ſet one knee to the floor, and taking one of the Princeſſes fair hands, which ſhe had reach'd out to him for the receiving the Letter, he kiſs'd it; and lifting up his Eyes towards her at the ſame time, he put her into an unparallel'd Amaze, knowing again the face of the Count *d'Aveline*:

Ah! Heavens! Is it you? cry'd ſhe, after having for ſome moments been unable to utter a Word, *What come you to do here?*

I come to dye, Madam, anſwer'd the enamour'd Count, *If I may expiate by my Death, the boldneſs I may have*

have had to offer my ſelf before you, after having been the Cauſe of all your Misfortunes.

I am very much afraid, reply'd ſhe languiſhingly, leaning upon him, as if ſhe was almoſt fallen into a Swoon, *That indeed you come to ſeek your Death, and be the Author of mine too at the ſame time; for what would become of you, ſhould you be found here? And what would the World ſay of me? Ah! Count*, purſu'd ſhe, ſighing, *You take little Care, I ſee, of my Reputation.*

I did not think, Madam, reply'd this Lover to her, *to hazard it more by ſeeing you in ſecret, than others do, who love you publickly; and you pardon nothing in an unfortunate man, who* ——

I will pardon you all, Count, interrupted the Queen, who was afraid he ſhould ſay that which might oblige her to be angry with him, *except the unjuſt ſuſpicions which you may poſſibly entertain as to my inclinations. When I ſuffer 'em to take their own Courſe, be aſſured*

assured that they go directly to you : this I have told you already, and nothing obliges me to repeat it to you if it were not true. That the King has an inclination for me, that may possibly be, but I have contributed nothing to it on my part : On the contrary I may say, that my Conduct has spoke me but a sorry Politician, and that I treat him worse than the Conjuncture of the time, my affairs, and his rank do require. But my heart does not much pretend to, nor value it self upon these reflections ; and when Love is the Question, I know in whose behalf it speaks to me. The Count fell a sighing, and the Queen being willing to allow him the liberty to explain to her that sigh, said nothing more to him ; *I know not, Madam*, said he to her, seeing she held her peace, *if I should not flatter my self too much, if I meant to apply this discourse to my self ; people are very easily mistaken when they are passionately desirous of a thing ; and perhaps if I had so much vanity, you would disown me in it. And for whom then, ungrateful as you are*, immediately reassum'd the Queen blushing, *Can I have such like*

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ſentiments, if the King endeavours to no purpoſe to inſinuate himſelf into my heart, and that I find nothing in my breaſt that is anſwerable to the ſentiments he has for me; and if neither his rank, nor the neceſſity of my own affairs will prevail with me ſo far as to favour him ſo much as with one look. Alas, Madam, replyed he to her trembling, ſeeing ſhe ſpoke with ſome heat and alteration, *it is not always a Crown that dazzles thoſe who are born to wear one; they are ſometimes charm'd with particular qualities, ſervices paid, or to be paid, the merit and wit of a perſon: How know I, eſpecially when they are wrought up to a ſoft inclination. If it be ſo,* retorted the Queen, *and that my heart is under theſe circumſtances, as indeed it is, you have not any thing to fear: for this is juſt your own picture you have drawn, with that of my too tenderneſs. But Madam,* replyed again this Lover, *Man who ſhould have done* all that I have done, and perhaps more; a Man I ſay, whom you ſhould have ſeen fighting for you, and to whom you had given your Picture.—— *Well,* inter-

terrupted ſhe, *He it is that I ſhould love. He it is that you ſhould love?* reaſſumed he, his colour changing. *Yes, I ſhould love him*, ſaid that Queen again; *and I do not ſee what reaſon you have to be ſurpriz'd at this, ſince there is not a perſon in the World that this can be ſaid of beſides your ſelf. None beſides me, juſt Heavens!* cryed the Count after a doleful manner; *and muſt I then convict you that there is an other: An other, who I ſay is the Maſter of your liberty; but who would have no great advantage over me if he was not Maſter too over your heart. You are become his Priſoner, Love perhaps had rendred you the ſame of his merits, and you are contriving without doubt to fall into his hands.* The Queen liſtned to him with a ſtrange ſurprize, not knowing but that he might rave. *Do you ſpeak Count*, ſaid ſhe to him, animated with a ſecret ſpight which the reſentment of her heart inſpired her with, *do you ſpeak in good earneſt, and know you what you ſay. I really fancy*, purſued ſhe, *that I know the man you ſpeak of, without being able however to call to mind who*

he is; but that he has my Picture, it's thing I cannot imagine in the leaſt. And what, I beſeech you, could have obliged me to give him it? And if he be another new Lover, why ſhould he be ſo ſcrupulous of coming to ſee me, ſince I my ſelf have made it my requeſt to him, in the curioſity I had of knowing what man it was? Have you ſeen that Picture? added ſhe, *and are you well aſſured of what you ſay? Yes, Madam,* anſwered he with a ſad and melancholly accent, *I have ſeen it, and moreover I have it:* And in ſaying that, he put his hand into his pocket, from whence he took that Picture, and gave it the Queen, when one of her Maids of Honour, in whom ſhe put more confidence than the reſt, came to give her notice, with a great deal of precipitation, that the King was coming to ſee her. The *Count* extraordinarily troubled at this news, but more with rage, that he muſt yield the place to a Rival, though a Crown'd one, than with the fear he had for his own Perſon, knew not what to do, and would not have ſtirred out of the Cloſſet, if the Queen

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more than half dead had not made him take notice there was no place there to hide himſelf, and that ſhe ſhould be ruin'd and undone, and he too, if the King ſhould have a fancy to come in there. Inſomuch, that yielding to the deſires of that charming Princeſs, in whoſe looks he eaſily ſaw the great diſpleaſure he ſhould do her, if he did not obey her in this matter, he went into the Chamber under the Hangings, when ſhe made him hide himſelf in a corner near the door, recommending to him to take his time to go out when the King was come in, there being no likelihood he could do it then without meeting, or at leaſt beeing ſeen by him.

This Prince arrived, and having taken a ſeat near the Queen, was for ſome time without ſaying to her a word, holding the poſture, and making the grimaces of a man who was very much diſordered in his mind. The Queen was no leſs uneaſie, ſhe trembled every moment, ſeeing the King ſo mute, and ſo chang'd, and was a-

fraid he would ſpeak to her of the *Count*, or what was become of the Page who wore his Livery, and who had been ſeen to go into her Lodging, dreading it might be the occaſion of the diſorder he was in; and ſhe durſt not, no more than he, begin the diſcourſe, hardly ſo much as looking upon one another, but as it were in glancing, and without fixing the eye. But the King taking courage at length; *I know not, Madam*, ſaid he to her with a voice which hardly got out of his mouth, *from whence this change proceeds that is obſerv'd in you; but the truth is in what concerns me, I no longer find that Queen of* Majorca *ſo generous, and ſo obliging towards thoſe who do not ſeem much to be her enemies. If I had done any thing, if I had ſtarted or let fly any diſcourſe, or any word; or in ſhort, if I been wanting to pay you all that is owing you, I could only complain of my ſelf, and would come and throw my ſelf at your knees, to ask your pardon, or to die there; but I know my ſelf to be uncapable of any failing in this matter, and that my ſentiments are ſuch in what*

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concerns you, that it is not to be feared that I can fail on that ſide. It is not, Sir, anſwered the Queen him, being ſomewhat encouraged at this diſcourſe, *that ſuch like omiſſions are to be feared in a Prince ſo generous and ſo gallant as you. I may ſay,* purſued ſhe, *that if I had any reaſon to complain of ought, it would be of the exceſs of the contrary, and that your magnificence, and your regards which have been unbounded, have put me more than once into confuſion: But, Sir, can a Heart alwayes be contented with this? And though I am outwardly treated after ſuch a manner, as the greateſt Princeſs in the world would be ſatisfied with, am I the leſs your Priſoner? On the contrary, I ſee that by the ſame ſteps that your Generoſity augments every day for me, my Captivity becomes more hard, and my Priſon more cloſe, I ſee no body about me but ſpies, who watch and obſerve all my actions; I can no longer ſtir out of my Apartment without having firſt given an account whither I mean to go, and under pretext of decency and the Cuſtoms of the Country, I am refuſed even the leaſt freedoms.* The

Count perceiving by the beginning of this discourse, that the correspondence there was between the King and the Queen of *Majorca* was not very great, and hearing nothing in their Dialogues but reproaches and excuses, had no longer so much jealousie, nor so much curiosity to listen to 'em any further, and bethought himself of making his retreat. Insomuch as nicking the time when the Kings back was turn'd towards him, he went from under the Hangings, and passed happily through the midst of that Princes Attendants, who were in the Anti-chamber, without having the least notice taken of him by any of 'em all. This Conversation the King had with the Queen of *Majorca*, did not end like the former; instead of a sweet reconciliation, it was coldness upon coldness. The Queen did not content her self with all the feigned reasons he gave her, and this Prince interpreted all her upbraidings and reproaches for the strict confinement she had been under for sometime, and for that she was not allowed

lowed to go abroad when she pleased, nor see those she had a mind to, for designs of amorous Conquests, and engaging other Lovers: for to see her, her humour seem'd wholly to tend that way, because she had been brought up in a Court of Galantry, as was that of King *Charles* her Father, and knew not what was constraining her self before scrupulous eyes, as were those of the *Spaniards*: so as the suspicions of this King augmenting more strong than ever, all these reproaches produc'd in his spirit a quite contrary effect. He could not conceive that this Queen had any thing more to desire from him, than this freedom to gadd abroad for the satisfying her inconstant humour, and to see all the world for the pleasure of a heart which loved every day to be creating new Adorers. He was so much the more confirmed in these suspicions, in that he saw that the fancy he thought she had for Captain *Bellamare* was not yet out of her head, since she asked still every day to see him; and he imagined it would be

the ſame thing with all the other handſome young Men of his Court, when ſhe once had known 'em, and that for his part he ſhould only be the Spectator and Entertainer of all theſe Scenes, having not altogether that youth which ſhe deſired in thoſe ſhe meant to love, nor perhaps that air of pleaſing after the rate of young people, his heart being too ardent and too paſſionate for ſuch a roving humour as that of this Princeſs. Thus left he her in thoſe ſentiments, that is to ſay, of abating nothing at all of his Conduct towards her, which he had ſo much the more right to perſevere in, as that ſhe was his Priſoner, and that he might ſay, it was to do a kindneſs to the King of *Majorca*, with whom having no mind to enter altogether into open Wars, but rather to make him break the Alliance he had with the *Neopolitans*, as the Conjuncture ſeem'd fair for his ſo doing. Theſe Reſolutions ſavour'd of a jealous humour, but they ſeldom laſt long againſt an angry Miſtreſs, and whom one would ingratiate ones ſelf with.

with. He was no ſooner out of her ſight, than that he was mad even to deſpair, at his having made her all thoſe complaints, that he had not taken another turn to reconcile himſelf well with her, and at his only having told her what he ought never to have mentioned, condemning himſelf, and finding that ſhe had reaſon not to be ſatisfied with the little freedom he gave her, unleſs he meant to treat her as a Captive, as he had ſo often hinted to her; inſomuch that the courſe he now deſign'd to take, was to be ſuch as ſavour'd leſs of the rack, and meant to uſe ſome temperament in the reaſons he might have to pry into her actions, if he intended to regain her eſteem, and to return under the former terms of amity, when ſhe lived with leſs conſtraint. At this rate goes floating the heart of theſe ſort of jealous and unhappy Lovers, who ſometimes will, and ſometimes will not; who ſometimes are irritated, and then reappeaſed; ſuſpects and condemns; and in ſhort, not knowing on what ſide it ſhall be moſt hap-

happy, endeavours all, and ſucceeds in nothing. The Queen of *Majorca* without troubling her ſelf about the effect that all the complaints ſhe had made to this Prince might produce, contented only with having eaſed her heart to him, as ſhe had had a deſire to do, but more and more contented, in that he had not diſcovered that dear and pretended Page, and that he was ſo luckily got out of the Room; the Queen, I ſay, being now no longer in fear for ought, only thought of ſeeing that Picture which Count *Hannibal* had left with her, and which ſhe had a longing curioſity to view; ſo as having opened the Caſe as ſoon as the King was gone, ſhe fell into a ſtrange ſurprize, ſeeing it was the Picture ſhe had given the Counteſs of *Palomer*: *O Heavens!* cried ſhe aloud, making two or three turns in her Chamber, *What's this I ſee?* added ſhe, caſting her eyes again upon that Picture, *and how come I not to perceive this ſooner? 'tis ſhe her ſelf, 'tis the Counteſs of* Palomer, *who has diſguiſed her ſelf in the habit of a Cavalier. But is it poſſible*

ſhe

ſhe ſhould be ſo ſtrangely altered in ſo ſhort a time? but rather how comes it I knew her not the very firſt time I ſaw her; for in ſhort they are the ſame features, the ſame eyes, hair, ſhape and voice? How dull muſt I needs be, not to diſcover her by ſo many circumſtances which ought to have made me know her again, notwithſtanding all the alteration of her Complexion, notwithſtanding the diſguiſe of her Apparel, and all her affected ways of a Sword-man and a Tarpawlin. She was under impatience to ſend for her immediately, and would have ſeen her before ſhe had gone to bed. But as it was then late, and that ſhe had already ſeen that it was to no purpoſe ſhe having ſent him word more than once ſhe was deſirous to ſee him, ſhe was reſolved to wait till the morrow, that the King ſhould come to her Lodgings, and that ſhe would deſire him to ſend for at length that pretended Captain, after having promiſed her ſo often to bring him along with him. She ſpent that whole night in figuring to her ſelf all the ſtrange adventures that had happen'd

to

to that Creature ſince her departure from *Majorca*, not doubting but that it was for the ſake of the Count *d'Aveline* that ſhe had thus diſguiſ'd her ſelf: and ſhe no longer wondred that ſhe would not allow her to ſpeak to that Lover, and that ſhe had taken ſo much care to ſhun her, and not to ſee her. What afforded her diverſion were the reflections ſhe made upon the jealouſie which ſhe perceived the King had conceived for this young Captain, upon which account Count *Hannibal* too, who had not known her again no more than ſhe, had made her reproaches. A thouſand pleaſant Idęas, I ſay, which ſhe had upon this ſubject, rejoyced her extremely all that night, and ſhe prepared her ſelf yet for a greater Diverſion the day following, when ſhe ſhould ſee her Captain *Bellamare*. In the mean while the King came not; ſhe expected him that day with more impatience than ſhe had yet done, and about half the afternoon was already ſpent without having contented her deſire, againſt which being no longer

longer able to reſiſt, ſhe reſolved to write to the King, to deſire his leave to ſee Captain *Bellamare*. And thereupon ſhe ſent him the following Letter.

I mean not, Sir, to have war with you; that is ſufficient which you have with the King my Father. I could only wiſh that the Quarrel there is between you and him could as eaſily be terminated as that between you and I, you would both quickly croſs the Cudgels. Let us neverthleſs begin with the little Peace, it may make way for the great one. I am your Priſoner 'tis true, and I have no reaſon to complain, though you ſhould treat me with all the rigour which you may do by the right this Title gives you over me; but you are King, Sir, and a moſt generous King, in whom it would be very ill to keep in Chains a Princeſs who is not uſed to wear ſhackles. A little more freedom, and each of us will have reaſon to be contented. I have let you formerly know how deſirous I was to ſee Captain Bellamare *: Grant me this favour, and let him be Mediatour of the*

Peace

Peace between us. He is fitter for that Commiſſion than you can imagine, not becauſe he is handſome, and has wit, for this is to me a man without conſequence, but becauſe he is perfectly well acquainted with me, and I have ever had a great eſteem and kindneſs for him. If theſe ſentiments give any one umbrage, I know how to clear it; and for my juſtification ſhall only need to make known this Captain: Wherefore be pleaſed to let me ſee him, and do not deprive me of a ſatisfaction that is going to be the firſt means of our Reconciliation.

The Queen of *Majorca.*

Never was Prince in a greater ſurprize than was King *James* at the reading of this Letter; nor ever any Lover more puzelled than this Monarch. The beginning pleaſ'd him infinitely, but the end gave him terrible allarms. His jealouſie revived more ſtrong than ever; he underſtood not the ſence of half the things which the Queen wrote to him concerning that Captain; and the more he read that paſſage where ſhe ſaid

ſhe

ſhe had a kindneſs and an eſteem for him, the more was he entangled in confuſion, not being able to comprehend how ſuch a Princeſs as this, after a confeſſion of this nature, had the confidence to ask him again to ſee this Cavalier: the moſt favourable judgment he could paſs upon this matter, was, that ſhe was blinded with her paſſion, and that ſhe would willingly have had with this young Galant the ſame liberty in his Palace, as ſhe had had on board his Galley. Then did a thouſand ſtinging thoughts crowd into and devour his breaſt; a thouſand the moſt tormenting reflections fill'd his mind with the moſt cruel Ideas that could oppreſs that of a Lover. He fancied *Bellamare* had only left *Majorca* upon the Queens account, and to avoid without doubt the Kings diſpleaſure. He fancied too that he muſt have contributed to that Princeſſes eſcape, or that he muſt at leaſt have been informed of her deſign, ſince he had met her ſo pat at ſea. But what vext him moſt, was all the ſtories the Queen had told him

him at her arrival of this Captain; and that he had been ſo eaſie to ſuffer himſelf to be perſwaded of all ſhe had a mind to wheadle him into a belief of. After all theſe thoughts had puzzled and agitated his mind to ſuch a degree, as engaged him to take meaſures quite contrary to the deſires of that charming Princeſs, his Heart, which was more afraid of diſpleaſing her than all things, ſeeing the advances of Reconciliation which ſhe made him firſt of all, took at length the reſolution of giving her ſatisfaction, yet after ſuch a manner as might ſet his mind to reſt as to jealouſie, if it was true that the Queen wrote to him, that there was nothing to be feared in the ſentiments ſhe had for this young Cavalier; or to confound her downright, if his ſuſpicions were well grounded. Inſomuch that ſending for *Bellamare*, and reſolving to begin with him, to endeavour the ſolving this myſtery: *Well Captain*, ſaid he to him with an affected ſmile, *the Queen of* Majorca *will abſolutely ſee you, you muſt of neceſſity afford her*

that

that ſatisfaction; and 'tis your part to prepare your ſelf for it accordingly. I do not ask you, added he with an air of Raillery, *to be made ſo far your Confident in this matter, as to know what progreſs this Engagement of yours with her has made, that is a ſecret I mean not to pry into; but I have reaſon to complain, that you were not the firſt to impart it to me, that you have waited till the Queen her ſelf has acquainted me with the ſecret, for it is from her I know it.* Captain *Bellamare* knowing as well as the reſt of the Court the paſſion the King had for the Queen of *Majorca*, perceived what it was that made him talk at this rate, and that he had conceived a jealouſie of him: But hearing the Queen had a deſire to ſee him, and not doubting but that ſhe had a ſuſpicion of what he was, he reſolved to make uſe of the Conjuncture to decline ſeeing her, being very certain ſhe would know him again at length, inſomuch that he defended himſelf but very feebly, and like a diſcreet man, upon the eſteem that Princeſs had

had for him, not diſowning but that he had had ſome ſhare in her Confidence; but that it had made ſo little a progreſs, that he ſhould be the moſt criminal of all men if he entertained the leaſt vanity upon that account. The King liſtned to him, and examined not only his words, but even the leaſt motion of his eyes; and having ſeen him two or three times change colour, he fancied that by his manner of ſpeaking, it was but too evident that this young Spark had the ſecret of that Princeſs; and that he had a deep ſhare in her kind thoughts. *He was ſo poſſeſſed with this thought*, that he was for ſome while without ſaying to her a word more; and renewing of a ſuddain this diſcourſe, as a man ſtarting out of a dream: *That confidence, you ſay*, reaſſumed he, *made no great progreſs. Do you know*, continued he, *that when perſons of the Queen of* Majorca's *rank have once ſo far condeſcended as to make their Confident of a Subject made like you, that they have but one ſtep more to make you a Lover. But 'tis your Queen that is in my Palace, and*

and it would be dangerous for you to forget your ſelf to that degree. I know, Sir, anſwered *Bellamare, with what eyes of reſpect one ought to look upon a Queen, I know my duty to you, and I know my ſelf; wherefore there is no reaſon to fear that I ſhould be guilty of ſuch a fault. But to avoid a misfortune which only the ſuſpicion of would be capable to render me criminal, I will moſt humbly beſeech you, Sir, to diſpence me from ſeeing that Princeſs, and to allow me at the ſame time to retire from Court until that ſhe is gone from thence. No, you ſhall ſee her,* replyed the King to him, *and I mean to take you along with me thither; but it ſhall be upon condition that you will give me a faithful account of the converſation you ſhall have with her. Bellamare* very much perplexed, not knowing what more to ſay for the avoiding a viſit, which was going to put an end to his *Metamorphoſis*, ſince the King would have it, could not but obey, leaving himſelf to the diſpoſal of fortune in this occaſion.

In the mean While the Count *d'Aveline* who had been under an extreme

treme impatience to know what the Queen could say to him upon the Picture he had left with her, and after what a manner she could vindicate her self after so evident a testimony of the somewhat too great esteem she entertained for this Captain, reckoned every minute of the day, in waiting till night was come, which was the time the most proper for his design; and no sooner was it dark, than that he put on again his Pages habit, and went directly to the Palace. He was not there such a stranger as the first time, and with a boldness which accompanies persons of his quality, in what quality soever they be, and which is not unbecoming a Page, he went from Room to Room cross the Galleries, without stopping until he came to the Queen of *Majorca*'s Apartment; but being upon the point of entring into her Chamber, he heard 'em saying the King was coming, and that notice was to be given to the Queen who was in her Closet. Such a cruel disappointment had like to have put him in dispair; and not being

ing willing to return without ſeeing his charming Princeſs, ſince he was come ſo far, he fancied he had no other courſe than to hide himſelf in the ſame place, where ſhe had already poſted him. Whereupon the King arrived, followed by Captain *Bellamare*, whom the Count through the Tapiſtry ſaw paſſing, with a trouble which he did not of a long while recollect himſelf of. The Queen went out of her Cloſet to receive this amorous Prince, who accoſting her with a ſmiling Countenance: *You ſee, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *that notwithſtanding all your complaints, we do for you all you have a mind to: But what can we refuſe to a Princeſs who has the gift of charming all thoſe who approach her? Wherefore, Madam*, added he with an air of complaiſance, *when you ſhall think fitting to try perſons who honour you ſo much as I do, ask them but more difficult requeſts than that of ſeeing a Captain who is your Subject, and over whom you have more right and more power than I. No leſs a generoſity than yours, Sir*, anſwered him the Queen

Queen, *could grant ſuch a Boon after ſo obliging a manner, and the trouble you have been pleaſed to take in bringing me your ſelf this Captain, is an exceſs of goodneſs in ſuch a Prince as you. I have done my duty, Madam,* repartyed the King to her; *and if you take this Conduct of mine for an obligation, I am perſwaded that to leave him alone with you will ſtill add to your ſatisfaction: for in all probability you will have ſomething to ſay to him, wherein you do not deſire ſuch an Eye-witneſs as I am. Adieu Madam.* And having uttered theſe words, he left the Queen abruptly, who ran after him to ſtay him, but more out of ceremony than out of any real deſign ſhe had to do it; for her greateſt deſire was that he would troup off, there being no likelyhood of contenting her curioſity, nor of ſpeaking as ſhe wiſh'd to do of that Captain as long as the King was preſent. But ſhe had to do with an underſtanding Prince, and whoſe humour went upon this point, eſpecially much further than ſhe imagin'd, inſomuch that he perſiſted in his firſt deſign of retiring,

and

and gave the Queen full liberty to entertain her ſelf with this Cavalier. She fell immediately a laughing, ſeeing there was no Body more near her, in whoſe conſideration ſhe needed to curb her motions, and looking upon *Bellamare* with an air to put him out of countenance, if he had not already been ſo, ever ſince he entered the Room.

I have a great many things to ſay to you, my Captain, ſaid ſhe to him, *and many Complaints to make you, for the little Confidence you have had in me; but I fancy it will be neceſſary for that purpoſe, that we withdraw for a while into ſome private place. And then taking him by the hand, after a familiar and an obliging manner, ſhe led him into her Cloſet, the Door of which ſhe ſhut after her.*

This Captain, who fell from perplexity to perplexity, perceiving plainly by the rate the Queen treated him at, that ſhe had at laſt diſcover'd who he was, and that he could no lon-

:ger conceal himſelf from her, bluſh'd two or three times, and falling a laughing too, follow'd her without making her any anſwer. The Count who ſaw this Scene from his ſtation, and heard what the Queen ſaid to *Bellamare*, could hardly believe his eyes and his ears; and there needed no further diſcovery to be wholly perſwaded of his woful Condition, but the height of his Deſpair was, when he ſaw them enter into that Cloſet, and that the Queen, without troubling her head with what People might ſay of this behaviour of hers, ſhut the Door after her. His heart forthwith adviſed him to run to Revenge, and go ſtab in the ſight of that unjuſt and perfidious Princeſs, this too happy Rival; and nothing ſtop'd him, but the preſence of ſome young Ladies that were ſtill in her Room, and who being withdrawn ſome moments after, left his fury full liberty to follow its tranſports.

Inſomuch that nothing now retaining him he loſt no time, and went without any regard or any reſpect to that

that Closet, which he opened with an impetuosity, that sufficiently spoke his Resentment, and found his pretended Rival at the Queens feet. Then it was that being quite blinded with his jealous Rage, he laid hold of his Poniard, and was going to stab him, if the Queen had not been quick enough to prevent his killing him, by stopping his Arms.

Ah! Count, said she to him almost half dead, *Know you what you'd do, and whom it is you'd kill?*

Yes, Madam, I know who, answer'd this jealous Lover, *but though you save his Life, you shall not save your self from the eternal Reproach I shall have to make you as long as I have any breath left.*

The pretended *Bellamare*, who had at first thought that this was an effect of the King's jealousie, who had sent this Page to assassinate him, had already put himself in a posture of defence, to sell him his Death as dear as

he was able, when hearing the Queen ſpeak, and knowing the *Count* again by his voice, *Compleat Cruel Man*, ſaid he to him, *Compleat thy Work; and for the puniſhment of loving thee too much, ſtrike dead a heart that ought never to love thee.*

The *Count* who in the trouble and tranſport he was in, found himſelf not capable of any reflexion upon all theſe words, but ruſhing from the Queens hands, and having no mind to be any longer a Witneſs of his miſfortune, nor puſh on his Deſpair any farther, *Thy Blood*, ſaid he to him, *does not deſerve the diſorder that I might occaſion here; but know that thou haſt for thy Enemy as well as for thy Rival, the Count* d'Aveline, *and that I ſhall know how to find thee out, in what part of the World ſoever thou beeſt in.*

And thereupon without vouchſafing to look ſo much as once upon the Queen, he ruſht away with almoſt the ſame fury he flounc'd in. *Bellamare* in whoſe heart, the ſight of the *Count*, had

had juſt revived a Paſſion which the different fortunes of his life had in ſome manner lulled aſleep, finding in himſelf then not the Soul of a Captain, but that of a paſſionate and furious ſpirited Woman, would needs, without conſidering any thing, run after that Lover, with deſign perhaps of provoking him to ſuch an extremity, as to make him take away his life, which he would have taken for a favour, ſince Death would have been acceptable, had he received it from his hands. But the Queen ſeeing him in that diſtracted condition, puſh'd to her Cloſet door, for to hinder him from going, and by that means brought upon her own head all the fury of a jealous Rage: for *Bellamire* was wanting in the reſpect he owed her by a thouſand Reproaches he made her, and impatient of the conſtraint ſhe held him in, he opened the door by violence, and left this poor Princeſs in a deplorable condition, fearing all from ſo violent a ſpirit; but much more for Count *Hannibal* than for her ſelf, caring little for life, and be-

ing only under apprehenſions for that of this Lovers, which ſhe judged to be in very great danger, if King *James* came to know he was in *Barcellonna*. In the mean while our diſguiſed Captain purſued his firſt deſign: He asked every one he met which way the Page took that came out of the Queen of *Majorca*'s Chamber, without getting any other tydings, but that he walk'd at ſo round a rate, that he muſt already be got a good way, and that it would be in vain to run after him, unleſs he was better acquainted what courſe he was to take. His grief was great, and he could not forbear ſighing, to have fail'd an opportunity he had ſo long been ſeeking, and which he had found ſo fair; but as fatal to his life, as he thought neceſſary to his repoſe, nothing but death being capable to free him from the torments that Love made him ſuffer. He knew not whether he had beſt return to the Queen to ask her where he lodged, thinking ſhe muſt needs know it, or if he ſhould not go ſearch for him himſelf all about the Town; but ſeeing

ing very little probability of being either ſatisfied in this point by that Princeſs, or of being able to bring about ſo vaſt an Enterprize, as was this of finding a man in ſo great a City as that of *Barcellonna*, where he judged he might keep himſelf concealed, he returned to his Houſe to go digeſt at leiſure his deſigns, and contrive ſome way to content his deſire, or to revenge himſelf on her who was the occaſion of all his ſufferings, when a Page came to tell him that Queen *Iſabella* had ſent to ſeek him every where.

Thereupon he changed his thought, and turning his ſteps towards that Princeſſes apartment, he took new Reſolutions. He was not ignorant, he who ſaw her almoſt every day, to whom ſhe talk'd as to her Confident, and as a Cavalier ſhe honoured with her good will, how impatiently ſhe ſaw King *James* her Husband, ſlighting of her, and his applications and aſſiduities to the Queen of *Majorca*, inſomuch that he fancied it would be no difficult matter to get her on his ſide,

in an Enterprize that he had contrived, tó revenge themſelves Both on the too charming attractions of that beautiful Rival. Whereupon he came to her who had ſent to ſeek for him, and who not giving him ſo much as leiſure to ſpeak to her a word, ask'd him at the very firſt, if in acknowledgment of the obligations he had to her ſince his being at that Court, and in conſideration of greater favours which ſhe might ſtill do him, or through other ſentiments more worthy of ſuch a Cavalier as he, he would be the man to ſerve her in an affair which concern'd the repoſe of her life.

I know, continued ſhe, without giving him ſo much as time to make her any anſwer, *that you are wedded to my Intereſts, I have always ſeen you partake in the occaſions of joy or of ſadneſs that have happened to me, I put Confidence in you, you are a man of Reſolution, and no Body can ſerve me better, ſince beſides all the Reaſons which I have now hinted, No one is ſo much intereſſed as you in the*

execu-

execution of the design which I have to propose to you.

Captain *Bellamare* who almost devined in part to what the discourse of this jealous Princess tended, did not stick to offer her his life, and all that depended on him, which he would sacrifice with all his heart for less than for the repose of so generous a Queen, to whom he ow'd all that he was, and to whom he should be still indebted when he had done all for her. Insomuch that the Queen seeing him in so fair a disposition of serving her, according to her desires:

You know, continued she, *what reasons of Complaint I have against the Queen of* Majorca, *you see daily what I suffer for her sake. The King despises me, all the Court looks upon me with an eye of pity; I am now nothing here; there are no pleasures and divertisements but what serve to the adding to my torments; a sad Condition is this for a Princess of my rank, and which demands of such a Heart as mine either to*

die, or to be revenged. You ſee my deſign, you muſt prepare your ſelf to ſecond it; for it would be ſomething dangerous, for you have learnt my ſecret, and not to make uſe of it. The Queen of Majorca, purſued ſhe, *arrived in this Court only by your means; you are the innocent Cauſe of all my misfortunes, you muſt repair them, you may do it, ſhe is your Priſoner; the King has given her you; and ſince he keeps not his word, you muſt e'en take her away, and bring her to King* Charles *her Father, who will be ſure to reward you ſufficiently for a piece of ſervice of this Conſequence, though I did not for you what I am bound to do: But be perſuaded that you will have a Protectrice in the perſon of Queen* Iſabella, *and that I will put you into a Condition that you ſhall not need to repent your having obliged me, nor regret the fortune you will loſe under the King my Huſband.*

Bellamare reliſhing a ſecret joy, with which he was tranſported, ſeeing all contributed to the ſatisfying him, anſwered the Queen with a reſolute look,

look, that he was all ready to obey her, and that she needed only to tell him, after what manner she was resolved this Enterprize should be put in execution, and that he would acquit himself of it in what concerned him with as much secrecy and fidelity, as could tender her most contented.

Whereupon the Queen replied, that she had People all ready to obey him, and that he must also prepare himself for that very Night, because that in these sort of affairs no delay is to be allowed of, but Dispatch is no less necessary than Resolution, the time being commonly what makes them fail. Insomuch that he had nothing more to do than prepare himself for it, and to return about midnight to receive the last Orders for the place whither he was to carry this Queen to, and to make her embark with him, and that she would take care of the rest.

The Count, whose soul was wholly seiz'd with grief and despair, after what he had newly learnt of the Queen of *Majorca*, would not stay a mo-

moment longer in a Town whither his unhappy deſtiny ſeem'd to have brought him, there to be the Spectatour of all he could fear moſt cruel in life; and being got the ſame night to the Village of St. *Philip*, he found his Gentleman of the Horſe, who was very much in pain for him, in that he received no tydings from him. He ſent him immediately to ſeek out a *Felucca*, or ſome other light Veſſel for to carry him to the Golph of *Narbon*, where he learnt that his Galleys were expecting him. He would needs in the mean while endeavour to repoſe a little, after having paſſ'd ſo many nights without ſleeping; but what repoſe could he take in the cruel diſtreſs his mind was then in? the Bed was a puniſhment to him; he had no ſooner laid himſelf down than that his corroding Cares devouring him fiercer than ever, he ſtarted up more nimbly than if he had lain upon thorns. He was incommoded and uneaſie, let him do what he would, every place became inſupportable to him; and being no longer able to bear

bear with himſelf, every thing added to his diſquiet and ſerved to torment him. He had given his Gentleman of the Horſe order to fetch him a *Felucca*; and a moment after he repented his having ſo done, and would have recalled him. He accuſed himſelf for having left *Barcellonna* too ſoon, and that Town which he had looked upon as an abode, fatal to his repoſe, and which muſt needs he thoght coſt him his life, made him ſigh ſtill out of the regret he had to part from it. In ſhort, never were there ſo many contrarieties, nor ſo many different motions as were then in his ſoul, neither knowing what he would have, nor what he would not have; ſometimes animating himſelf againſt the perfidious Queen, and ſometimes excuſing her; taking a firm reſolution to baniſh to the very leaſt feature out of his memory, and yet not being able to forbear entertaining himſelf with the thought of her; complaining and ſighing ſome moments for tenderneſs and ſome for rage. All this, I ſay, putting him in a ſtate that

he

he no longer knew himſelf, he went out of the houſe, and came to walk along the Sea ſhore, to ſuffer all theſe tranſports to evaporate with ſomewhat more freedom. His Gentleman of the Horſe came not yet, and the day began to dawn, when he heard the noiſe of a horſe coming full ſpeed, and which made him think it was him; but ſeeing him accompanied with ſome others which followed him at a diſtance, becauſe they were not ſo well mounted as the firſt, who ſeem'd to carry before him ſome bundle, which the little light there was yet hindred him from diſtinguiſhing to know what it was. He preſently fancied he had been miſtaken, and had not the leaſt curioſity to inquire further into the matter; but certain piteous cries and ſhricks, which he thought he heard, having made him bend his eyes again that way, he ſaw, as thoſe Horſe-men ſtill came nearer and nearer the place where he was, that what the firſt carried had the figure of a Woman, and of a Woman who by her apparel did not

not ſeem to be of a mean condition, and who endeavor'd to get looſe out of the arms of the man who held her. Something more ſtrong than the devoir or the generoſity of a Cavelier, ſpurring him on to enquire why thoſe people treated this Woman in this manner, he advanced towards the midſt of the way where they were to paſs, but with ſo great an agitation of all his heart, that he ſeem'd to have a fore ſence of the intereſt he had in this action. This Cavalier then, who led the Van with that Woman, came up to him, not expecting to be ſtopped by one Man whom he ſaw alone, and on foot, having no other Arms than his Sword and his Ponyard; but he was no ſooner within the Count's reach, than ſeizing with one hand the Bridle of his horſe, and drawing his Sword with the other; *Baſe villain*, ſaid he to him, *are perſons of that ſex to be uſed in this manner? thou ſhalt tell me what thou pretendeſt to do with this Lady, or thou dieſt.* This Cavelier outraged at the inſolence of ſuch a man, made him no other anſwer than

than taking hold of one of his Piſtols, which he immediately fired upon him; but he miſs'd him, the Count having had the agility to parray and put by the Piſtol with his Sword. This Lady who was almoſt half dead, whether out of affliction, or out of the torments ſhe endured in being tyed as ſhe was upon that Horſe, awaking as it were with a ſtart at the noiſe the firing this Piſtol made, opened her eyes to ſee what the matter was, and knowing the *Count*: *Ah my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to him, *has Heaven ſent you to my relief?* the Count ſtrangely ſurprized to hear the Queens voice, did not pauſe a moment to be death of that baſe Villain, whom he laid flat upon the ground, with the firſt thruſt he made through his body. He would willingly have untyed that unfortunate Princeſs, but the other Cavaliers, who came full gallop upon him to revenge the death of their Companion, did not give him time, and he was forced to think of his own defence. The Match was not equal, they were five againſt one, and all

five

five armed with Blunderbuſſes, which they all fired at a time upon him, and diſabled him almoſt from making any more defence. The Queen, as may be imagin'd, was oppreſs'd with grief at the ſight of this ſad ſpectacle, not being able to give him other help than that of her ſhricks and tears; and ſhe imagined that the moment was come that this too dear Lover was going to meet with his death, when there appeared a ſeventh Cavalier, who was of the Troup of theſe Aſſaſſinates, but the advantageous manner he was mounted, and the richneſs of his Cloaths, ſpoke him ſomething more than the reſt, who fell a crying as ſoon as he was near them, and that he had known the Count, *Hold, hold, Traytors, ſave his life, or elſe I'le be the death of every man of you.* At this voice all thoſe Villains laid down their Arms which they had too baſely made uſe of againſt a man who was already couch'd upon the earth, and who turning towards his new Comer for to know his Deliverer; *Oh Heavens*, cryed he,

muſt

muſt I ſo often be indebted for my life to the greateſt of my enemies? for it was *Bellamare* who had juſt ſav'd him, and who was become as motionleſs, ſometimes looking upon the Queen, and ſometimes on the Count, whoſe unfortunate condition diſarmed all his fury, and was ſenſible now only of pity and tenderneſs in his ſoul, which drawing tears from his eyes, would equally have carried him to the relief of 'em both, if the danger had not been greater on the Count's ſide, or rather if love, always more ſtrong than pity, had not ſtill prevailed in his heart, he immediately alight of his Horſe, and ran towards that dear and unfortunate Lover, whom he found ſo weak by reaſon of the blood he had ſhed from his wounds, that he had almoſt loſt all knowledge. He endeavoured to ſtop it with ſo much care and allarms as amazed all his men. But ſeeing a Body of Cavalry coming from toward the City, they gave him notice that it was time for him to think of his eſcape, and that it was certainly a Squadron the

King

King ſent after 'em for to ſtop 'em. *Go cowardly Villains*, anſwered he them with eyes all bathed in tears, *go, retire, you have deprived me of all I had moſt dear in the world, and I have nothing more to loſe that can give me any regret.* Theſe men who had reaſon to fear, being ſo guilty as they were, and to whom their own lives were more dear than that of their Captain, did not pauſe any longer to ſecure themſelves by flight. Theſe new Horſe-men came up, who were indeed a party of the Kings Guards, whom this Prince having had notice of the rape, or rather the flight of this Princeſs, had immediately drawn out for to purſue her, he did not doubt but that this was the contrivance of *Bellamare*, whom the Queen of *Majorca* had wiſh'd to ſee, that ſhe might engage him in this Enterprize. They ſeized on him forthwith to carry him to *Barcelonna*, according to the Kings order. As for the Queen and the Count, who hardly gave any ſign of life, they carried them to Saint *Philippe*, where part of the Squadron guard-

guarded them till farther order. The Queen who had been for above two hours in a ſwoon, was very much ſurprized; when ſhe came again a little to her ſelf, to find her ſelf in a Chamber, and guarded by the Kings people, ſhe called for the Officer, of whom ſhe forthwith asked tydings of the Cavalier who had been wounded by thoſe who carried her away; and having learnt that he had been dreſs'd, and that there were ſome hopes he would not dye of his wounds, ſhe would needs go into his Room to ſee him, ſo much the more in that ſhe was told he had been very deſirous to ſpeak with her, inſomuch that ſhe crawl'd along towards his Bed-ſide with a great deal of pain, leaning upon this Officer, and that Lover, maugre all the reaſon he had to complain of her, fail'd not to feel a great deal of joy ſeeing her appear.

Muſt you, Madam, ſaid he to her, in the condition you are in, *have ſo much goodneſs for an unfortunate Man, as to incommode your ſelf to come to ſee him?* You

You know Count, anſwered ſhe him, endeavouring at the ſame time to ſit down upon a Chair that ſtood near his Bed-ſide, *The ſhare I ought to take, for ſeveral reaſons, in the misfortune that has now happened to you, that it is only for my ſake that your life is in danger; and that if it only depended on mine to ſave you, I ſhould be obliged to ſacrifice it entirely to you. Alas! this life which you ſet at ſo high a price is too unhappy*, reply'd this Lover to her with a languiſhing voice; *and would to God I had loſt it rather than owe it ſo often to a man, towards whom I muſt needs paſs for ungrateful.*

And what man do you think this is, replied the Queen to him, who was overjoyed he gave her the means of undeceiving him. *You owe him more*, purſued ſhe ſighing, *but it is not for me to unfold to you that ſecret.*

True it is, anſwered the *Count*, *I owe him alſo your liberty, which ought to be more dear to me, than a thouſand Lives; but you are well able to recompence him for this ſervice; and the injuſtice would be too great, to make it an obli-*

obligation upon me, upon me, I ſay, who cannot but be the more unhappy by it.

You are miſtaken, Count, anſwered the Queen him, *I perceive I muſt diſabuſe you againſt my will.*

Know then, purſued ſhe, *that it is this very Cavalier, whom you fancy you owe all to, that caus'd me to be ſtole away, and that it was only for the love of you, but after a very different manner than you can well imagine: and you ſhall judge the Caſe when I ſhall have told you that it is the Counteſs of* Palomer.

That Captain, Madam, reaſſumed the *Count*, thinking on what ſhe ſaid to him, & which he could not give credit to, *is the Counteſs of* Palomer; *yes this pretended Captain*, reply'd ſhe, *is the very ſame Counteſs, whom the paſſion ſhe had for you cauſed to diſguiſe her ſelf in this manner, who followed you without doubt on board the Galley, from whom you had the picture you left with me, who took me in a* Neopolitan *Veſſel, without my being able to know her again at firſt, who fought againſt you, and of whom you was ſo very jealous in what concerned me, that you had like to have killed him*

in

in your own Closet, and who without doubt to separate me from you, had me stole away in the manner you saw; but to whom after all you owe your life, and who is only culpable by too much loving you.

The *Count*, who during all the Queens discourse, had had time to make reflections, and to recollect in his mind feature after feature, the person of this Captain; for to compare it to that of the Countess of *Palomer*, found really that there was a great resemblance, but so little probability, that so many extraordinary vertues should have happened to a Lady of that Quality, in whom more Courage and more Resolution would have been required, than does commonly enter into the heart of a Woman, for to undertake and execute such actions as those this Captain had performed, that he was very much afraid that the Queen melted with compassion at the condition he was in, only told him this story to comfort him, that this Princess was forced to persuade him fully, to relate to him all that had hap-

happened to her with their pretended Captain, and acquaint him with all the Circumſtances of her laſt Converſation with him in her Cloſet, where the *Count* had found him on his knees, asking her pardon for having been ſo long without declaring himſelf to her upon thoſe ſo ſurprizing Adventures, the *Count* proceeding to relate what he had ſeen this Lady perform upon his Galley at the time of his Engagement with *de Loria*, deſired afterwards the Queen ſhe would be pleaſed to recount what had occurred at *Majorca* ſince his departure from thence, and after what manner ſhe had been able to make her Eſcape in that Veſſel. Whereupon this Princeſs was willing to give him this ſatisfaction, which ſhe accordingly did in the following manner.

'No ſooner were your Galleys got 'from off the ſhore, than that the 'King came all in a fury with what 'Forces he had, and laid Siege to the 'Abbey, wherein he had learnt I had 'made my retreat, and threatned to

'ſet

'ſet it on fire, if the Abbeſs did not 'turn me out. The Rumor whereof 'being come to *Majorca*, the principal 'perſons of which Town, were con-'cerned that a Convent ſhould be 'brought into ſuch diſorder, wherein 'moſt of 'em had their Daughters or 'Relations; ſome were deputed from 'out among 'em in the behalf of the 'Nobility and other States; for to go 'repreſent to the King to what ſuch 'a violence might not only expoſe the 'honour of ſo many young Ladies of 'Quality, but his own Glory too as 'an action little becoming the honour 'of a King; and that beſides he was to 'conſider, that this Convent holding 'immediately of the Holy See, this 'would be the means of imbroiling 'him with the Pope, which he 'would find a difficult matter to purge 'himſelf of, and that he would with-'out doubt bring upon his back ſuch 'Enemies in what concerned me, as 'he would perhaps find it a hard mat-'ter to defend himſelf againſt. All 'theſe Reaſons, though ſtrong, did 'not produce any great effect upon

'the enrag'd ſpirit of this Prince, who
'made none but furious Replies to all
'theſe Remonſtrances, and all he could
'be prevail'd with after many Prayers
'and Sollicitations, was to obtain three
'days reſpite for me to diſpoſe my ſelf
'to comply with his Summons. Inſo-
'much that he retir'd towards *Belver*,
'where as ſoon as he was arriv'd, he
'cauſed *Don Geronimo* to be put into
'Priſon, where I believe he ſtill is; for
'my part ſeeing I was not in a condi-
'tion to reſiſt the King's power, nor
'any means left me to take refuge
'elſewhere, there being above three
'thouſand men around the Convent
'for the preventing my Eſcape, I re-
'ſolved to yield up my ſelf, chuſing
'rather to die, than to expoſe for my
'ſake, the Honour of ſo many poor
'Maidens to the Violences of Soldiers,
'which could only ſerve to render my
'Conduct the more and more Crimi-
'nal. Inſomuch that on the third day
'I ſent to tell the King, that I was
'ready to do all he pleaſed; but that I
'deſired him before he proceeded to
'any Extremity againſt me, he would
'con-

'conſider well on what he did, ſee in 'what I was culpable, not to con-'demn me without hearing me firſt; 'and to refer the judgment of it into 'the hands of diſintereſſed Perſons, 'and ſuch as were not prepoſſeſſed 'with Paſſion, as he was. He ſent me 'the ſame day two Litters for to carry 'me to *Belver*, with two or three La-'dies to accompany me; but as ſoon 'I was arrived there, inſtead of put-'ting me into my uſual Apartment, he 'ſent me to the *Black Tower*, which is 'the Priſon of Criminals of State, 'where I had none to ſerve me, but 'a poor *Mooreſs*, who had been lately 'taken in a Ship of that Nation, and 'who could ſpeak no other Language 'than her own Native Tongue; ſo as 'I could not make my ſelf underſtood 'by her, otherwiſe than by ſigns. But 'the neceſſity of the time, which ren-'ders People induſtrious and intelli-'gent, brought to paſs that we came 'both ſo well acquainted with that 'ſort of Language, that we explained 'to one another perfectly all we had 'a mind to ſay. She went out no

'more than I, we were neither al-
'lowed to ſee nor ſpeak to any Body;
'and were lodged ſo high, that
'there were no hopes, without ſome
'great help from Heaven, that we
'could ever free our ſelves from ſo ſad
'a place, which I perceived I was con-
'demned to for all the reſt of my
'days.

'The *Mooreſs* began to grow weary
'of it as well as I my ſelf; and not
'ſeeing there were any means to get
'out, at leaſt without attempting
'ſomething extraordinary, ſhe ask'd
'me after her way, *If I had Courage*
'*enough to deſcend by a Rope from the*
'*Window?*

'*But where ſhall we get that Rope?*
'ſaid I to her: *And what will become*
'*of us when we are got down?*

'Nevertheleſs I made reflection that
'there was no way but that to make
'our Eſcape, and that the time was
'more proper than ever, for that men
'were working on our Walls that ſer-
'ved for Ramparts to our Tower;

'whereas

'whereas one part was moulded
'down, but our Windows were ſo
'high, that a perſon had need to have
'been as little in love with life as I
'was, for to go expoſe ones ſelf to ſo
'cruel a death, and which was almoſt
'inevitable for a Woman. However
'I reſolved upon it, and having taken
'notice there was a *Moor* who paſs'd
'at break of day under our Windows
'with Lime in a Wheel-Barrow for
'the Reparation of the Walls I men-
'tioned, I asked my Companion, for
'ſo we almoſt lived, if there was no
'means of ſpeaking to that Country-
'man of hers, who would perhaps
'ſerve us more faithfully and more
'chearfully than any one of *Majorca*.
'She made me Anſwer that ſhe knew
'him; and that it was the Captain of
'the Ship in which ſhe had been taken.
'From hence I gueſſed this would be a
'perſon fitter & fitter to render us the
'ſervice we expected from him, and
'to acquit himſelf of what we deſired
'with more fidelity, more dexterity
'and ſecrecy than an ordinary man;
'whereupon I fell forthwith a telling

'her, that ſhe muſt endeavour to make 'her ſelf underſtood to that Slave, 'that we ſtood in need of him; and 'that if he could help us to get out 'from whence we were, he ſhould 'be well rewarded for his care and his 'pains.

'The *Mooreſs* approved of my de- 'ſign, and look'd upon the Con- 'juncture of this *African* Captain, as 'a favourable occaſion which could 'not fail us, well knowing him to be 'a man of Reſolution, and who in 'all probability not loving the Em- 'ploy he was put to, would be very 'willing to ſeek his liberty, as well as 'we ours. Whereupon we reſolved to 'riſe very early in the morning, for to 'make him ſome ſigns, that might 'give him to underſtand the ſervice 'we deſired of him, becauſe to ſpeak 'to him was ſomething difficult, both 'for that the height of our Windows 'were out of the reach of the voice, 'or that there would have been too 'much danger of being heard by my 'Guards and Keepers, who were 'near at hand.

'For

'For my part I ſlept not all the 'night, ſometimes imagining I ſaw 'my ſelf deſcending with that Rope, 'and then again tumbled to the bot-'tom of the *Tower*. With what Re-'ſolution ſoever my Soul was armed; 'and how hard ſoever that the life was 'I then led, I floated between the fear 'of an unlucky Fall, or of being re-'taken, and the joy of ſeeing my ſelf 'out of that *Tower*, and on Board 'ſome Ship or ſome Bark, carrying me 'to *Naples*.

'However neither did Fear make 'me change my deſign, nor did this 'joy hinder me from thinking of ta-'king all the neceſſary precautions for 'my liberty, in caſe that I was once ſo 'happy as to have recover'd it. I made 'my *Mooreſs* riſe two hours ſooner 'than was neceſſary, as always hap-'pens in ſuch occaſions; the impa-'tience we are in, making the time 'ſeem much longer than it is; and the 'deſire we have of bringing our de-'ſigns about, making us afraid of be-'ing wanting in care and diligence. 'We were a long while at our Win-

'dows waiting for day, which would 'bring us our *Mooriſh* Captain, and 'they appeared both almoſt at the 'ſame time.

'My female *African* had prepared 'little ſtones which ſhe threw upon 'him, to make him raiſe his head to-'wards us, as he accordingly did; 'and knew her again, though it was 'not yet very light: but we being ſo 'high, rendred it more clear. She im-'mediately made ſome ſigns to him, to 'which he anſwered very exactly, 'People of that Countrey being here-'in very expert, hardly ever making 'Love after any other manner; and 'this perſon being a man of ſenſe, 'found it no hard task to underſtand 'all our ſecret and meaning, inſomuch 'that in leſs than a quarter of an hour, 'things were reſolved and eſtabliſhed 'on both ſides, and he gave us to un-'derſtand that we needed no more 'than to furniſh him with money, if 'we had any, for to buy a Rope, and 'that on the morrow all things ſhould 'be ready on his ſide, if vve vvere on 'ours to come out, and to dravv to us

'the

'the Rope that he vvould bring us; 'that he vvould come tvvo hours 'ſooner than ordinary, and bring 'with him his Wheel-barrovv, vvhich 'vvould the better help to conceal 'our deſign, and carry us vvhither 'vve meant to go, if by chance it 'vvas ſo far, that I could not go thi-'ther on foot.

'All this vvas executed according 'as he had projected. The *Mooreſs* 'and I ſpent part of the day in making 'a Rope of one of our ſheets, vvith 'vvhich vve might dravv up that 'vvhich our *African* vvas to bring us; 'and the hour at length that he had 'appointed being come, he fail'd not 'to make us hear by the noiſe of his 'Wheel-barrow that he vvas come, 'for to ſee him, vvas impoſſible, ſo 'dark vvas the night. Whereupon 'vve caſt out the little Rope vve had 'made, to vvhich having tyed his, vve 'quickly had it vvith us. My *Mooreſs* 'had alſo found out the invention to 'make of another ſheet a kind of a 'Bag for to put our ſelves in it, for the 'going dovvn the more eaſily. She

'tyed it to that Rope, and vvould
'needs try it firſt, but I was ſo much
'afraid to be alone in ſuch a place as
'that, and ſo deſirous to get out from
'thence, that I deſired her to grant
'me that Honour, inſomuch that I
'put my ſelf in that ſheet, and ven-
'tured with ſo much the more bold-
'neſs, as that the darkneſs of the
'Night hindred me from ſeeing the
'terrible Precipice there was under
'me. The *Moor* was below holding
'the Rope, which he let ſlip gently,
'and by degrees. I had nothing
'more to do on my ſide, than to ſuf-
'fer my ſelf to deſcend, and which
'was ſo happily done, and with ſo
'little pain, that I found my ſelf on
'the ground, when I thought I had
'got but half way. He rendred the
'ſame ſervice to his *African*, after
'which my joy was perfect, believing
'I had done all, in having overcome
'ſo difficult a buſineſs; but there had
'been ſtill a more dangerous ſtep to
'make, if it had not been the Will of
'Heaven to preſerve us; for having
'placed our ſelves both in the Wheel-

'Bar-

'Barrow, about three hundred paces 'from the *Tower*, we met with ſome 'of the King's Guard, who asked our 'Conductor whither he went, and 'what he carried? By good luck we 'were both lying and covered with 'Sacks, wherein he put Lime, as he 'told them he was now going to fetch. 'Half an hour after that we met with 'the King himſelf, who was going a 'Hunting; but they let us paſs with-'out asking us any Queſtion. We 'took the way to *Portopi*, where I in-'tended to embark, if I had the for-'tune to meet with any Ship ready for 'that purpoſe; as indeed I could not 'have been more happy, having learnt 'there was a Bark of *Naples* ready to 'ſet Sail. I ſent for the Maſter on 'ſhoar to ſpeak to him, and with 'ſome money I had ſtill left, I gave 'him a Ring which I had on my hand, 'for to carry us all three to *Naples*, 'calling my ſelf a *Neapolitan* Lady, the 'Wife of one of the King of *Major-'ca*'s Officers, who was lately dead, 'promiſing to reward him better 'when we were arrived. This Ma-

'ſter

'ſter ſeeing himſelf more than paid
'for our Paſſage, only with the money
'that I gave him, received us with a
'thouſand Careſſes into his Veſſel,
'gave me his own Cabin, and ſet-
'ting Sail forthwith, for that we had
'an extreme fair Gale of Wind: He
'could not ſufficiently ſhew me his
'Gratitude for the Ring I had given
'him, and which he judged to be of a
'very great value. We were not long
'before we left the Iſle of *Majorca*,
'which we preſently loſt ſight of; and
'then it was my joy ſpread it ſelf over
'all my heart, and that I began to
'taſte the pleaſure of Liberty. But
'theſe agreeable moments were too
'happy to laſt long in favour of a
'Princeſs who is only born to be un-
'fortunate all her life. Hardly were
'we got a pretty way to Sea, than that
'we ſaw our ſelves purſued by two
'Galleys, which were thoſe of Captain
'*Bellamare*, and which took us about
'Noon.

The Queen was come ſo far in her Narrative, when the Officer of her Guard

Guard entred the Room, to tell her that the King was coming. The Decorum perhaps would have required ſhe ſhould have withdrawn into her own Chamber to wait there for this Prince; but Love which takes law from no body, and which ſtill leſs ſubjects it ſelf to the Rules of Decency, could not allow her to quit ſo ſoon a Lover, from whom ſhe well foreſhew that ſhe ſhould be ſeparated but too ſoon, and for a long while. They firſt of all conſulted together if the Count ſhould conceal himſelf; but as it became not a man of his quality to uſe thoſe tricks and artifices, nor to conceal either his Name or his Birth, eſpecially when it was Fate and not Arms that had made him fall into the hands of his enemies: He was known by ſo many Officers of that Court, that it was a very difficult matter but that he muſt be at length diſcerned; inſomuch that they reſolved to confeſs all things to the King, who as generous as he was, would uſe 'em perhaps more obligingly after this confidence, than if he ſhould conceal

ceal himſelf from him. This Prince arrived, and ſurprized to find the Queen by this wounded perſon; *I did not believe, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *that your generoſity extended ſo far as to viſit a man who oppoſed your liberty, and who is the cauſe that ſo dear a man is in a Dungeon, and perhaps in danger of life.*

Say rather, Sir, anſwered the Queen, *that it is the leaſt I can do to comfort my Deliverer, to keep him company after having ſpent almoſt all his blood to free me from death; for I know not whither they were carrying me.*

You know not whither they were carrying you, replyed this Prince, ſtepping two paces back, as out of aſtoniſhment. *Ha! Madam, would you have people always ſo blind as not to penetrate into what they ſee. Did not you ask me*, purſued he full of heat, *with the greateſt earneſtneſs imaginable to ſee that young Captain? Did not you engage him in the viſit I conſented he ſhould make you, to ſteal you away? or rather have not you taken meaſures together for the flying away with him? was not the thing done accordingly; and had it not been for your meet-*

meeting with this Cavalier, whom I muſt tell before your face, that I owe him more than if he had ſaved part of my Dominions. Would not you have been out of my reach, and in a ſtate of ridiculing the frankneſs and candour of my dealing, and the eaſineſs I had to grant you all you deſired.

Ah! Madam, added he, *it is not for perſons of your rank to deceive the confidence one has in 'em, nor abuſe the generoſity that is made uſe of to oblige 'em.*

The Queen who had liſtned patiently to all this long diſcourſe made up of reproaches, was almoſt upon the point of falling a laughing, when ſhe was going to make him an anſwer; but curbing her ſelf a little at a time that was ſo improper for ſuch mirth: *This is not the firſt time, Sir*, ſaid ſhe to him, *that you have been miſtaken; but I own that in this occaſion there is no body but might be ſo; wherefore I pardon you all your upbraidings of me though very unjuſt, as you will ſee.*

Cap-

Captain Bellamare, purſued ſhe, *is not what you imagine him, and thoſe who know what love is, ought to excuſe all that jealouſie occaſions the attempting.*

You would fain perſwade me, Madam, retorted this Prince abruptly, who could not forbear interrupting her at that time, *that I know not what this Captain is, and you tell me at the ſame time that I ought to excuſe the effects of his jealouſie. How! ſhall I be the only perſon who ſhall have more reaſon than any body, to be perſwaded of the good will, not to ſay more, which you have for this Cavalier, and yet be ignorant of the figure he has made with you? I know but too much of that, Madam, and the preſumption when I ſhall aſſert, that I know him perfectly well, and that he may wear and pride himſelf in the Title of the Queen of* Majorca's *Gallant.*

The Queen could not now be ſo well Miſtreſs of her ſelf as the former time, the Subject was too pleaſant; wherefore falling a laughing, *I ſhould be vexed, Sir, at what you ſay if there was any truth in all this matter. I con-*

feſs,

feſs, purſued ſhe, not being willing to wait any longer to undeceive him, *that I have formerly had a great deal of eſteem and kindneſs for that pretended Captain, that he has lived with me after a familiar manner, and that I ſhould have been obliged to him if he had kept himſelf within the bounds that might merit my acknowledgment : but he has done too much to be ſtill in the favourable diſpoſition for him I was in before. He is the cauſe of all my misfortunes; and if I can pardon him, it is for the ſame reaſon that I would adviſe you to do it too, which is, that jealouſie being too ſtrong for a ſoul to reſiſt, when a heart is poſſeſſed by it, its exceſſes merit more compaſſion than puniſhment, and eſpecially in a Woman.*

In a Woman, Madam, replyed the King; *and what affinity, I pray you, has all this with that Captain.*

Once more that Captain, ſaid the Queen, *is not what you believe him. See here the Author*, purſued ſhe, ſhewing him the Count, *the true Author of all this diſorder. I muſt not*, purſued ſhe, *diſſemble with you any longer; for my honour is dearer to me than life, and I ſhould*

ſhould rather chooſe to ruine my ſelf to preſerve my ſelf in your eſteem, than give you the leaſt reaſon of contempt to ſave my ſelf. Know then, Sir, continued ſhe, *the Count* d'Aveline *in the perſon of this Cavalier, and the Counteſs of* Palomer *in that of Captain* Bellamare. *You have heard me tell more than once the paſſion that Lady had for this Lord, and now you ought not to doubt of the occaſion of this rape.*

The King was ſo ſurpriz'd at what the Queen told him, that he was ſome while without being able to make her anſwer, ſometimes caſting his eyes upon the Count, to ſee if could find in his face and phyſiognomy any ſigns of that high reputation that ſo illuſtrious a Cavalier had acquired, and ſometimes upon the Queen to know by her countenance if what ſhe told him was really true. And then reaſſuming the diſcourſe: *I muſt own, Madam,* ſaid he to her, *that I ſtand in need of having as much eſteem as I have for you, to believe what you tell me, before that it be verified; for the things*

are

are ſo ſurprizing, eſpecially what concerns that Captain, whom you will have be a Lady, that you muſt allow me until I have ſeen him, to add no more credit to to it, than what cannot be denyed without injury, to perſons of your rank.

The Queen made him anſwer, that ſhe left him at liberty to think all he pleaſed thereof, until that he had informed himſelf better of the Lady. She proceeded to relate ſuch Circumſtances of that ſtory as this Prince was ignorant of, and acquainted him after what manner ſhe had been taken away: That this traveſtied Captain came into her Chamber with looks full of haſte and concern, for to tell her ſhe was loſt if ſhe did not think of making her eſcape, and that the Queen tranſported with jealouſie againſt her, had reſolved to have her ſtole away that night, for to have her ſent back to the King of *Majorca*, and that ſhe might take refuge in his Lodging under the defence of five or ſix men he had with him, while that he would go give the King notice, who

who was in Bed, of what passed. *What reason soever I had*, pursued the Queen of *Majorca*, *to distrust this Cavalier, whom I knew to be no friend of mine; yet having that frightful air in his looks at his entrance into my Chamber, as also in all his words when he told me this piece of news, he amazed me so strangely, that I made no reflexion at all; and knowing the Queens humour, which was capable of any manner of violence against me, I only thought of saving my self that very moment, insomuch that having put my self into the hands of those men, that he had given me for my Guard, I let them lead me whither they pleas'd, which was through a private Gate out of the Town, where we found Horses. Then I asked where* Bellamare *was, to which they made answer after a surly manner, that I needed not to trouble my self about him, and that he would quickly overtake us. Then began I to be afraid, and told them I would not take horse until I saw him, and that I knew whether I was going; but without desiring me any thing further, they tyed me on with violence, setting on one of their men behind me,*

who

who had undoubtedly prepared himself to hold me, and was the best mounted of all.

The King was extremely toucht with pity to hear this Story, and he interrupted the Queen to ask her if she knew none of those Cavaliers, whom he would certainly cause to be punished after a very cruel manner; but as it was night, and that they were disguised, it was impossible for her to have observed or known them. In so much that having pursued her discourse unto the end, the King who could no longer doubt but that it was the Count *d'Aveline*, paid him all the Civilites which were due to a man of his Quality and reputation, assuring him he would take no other advantage of his Prisoner than that of depriving King *Charles*, as long as they should have war together, of so valiant a man as he, and that he might live in his Court with the same liberty he had done in that of *Naples*.

The Count receiving so much honour and goodness from this Prince, returned

returned him a thouſand thanks; but after that manner as charmed all thoſe who heard him, and which ſo highly ſpoke what he was, that the King could no longer doubt of it.

He asked the Queen when ſhe meant to return to *Barcelonna*, and ſhe anſwering that ſhe was ready then, he gave order that care ſhould be taken of the Count, to carry him with the greateſt eaſe that was poſſible, by reaſon of his wounds; and having accompanied this Princeſs to her very Litter, they went together to the Town: but during all the way this jealous and amorous Prince did nought but ſigh, ſeeing there were no more hopes for him, in a place where was preſent ſo powerful a Rival as the Count *d'Aveline*, ſince he was by the Queens own confeſſion her ſtrongeſt inclination. Inſomuch that he was extreamly penſive, and which the Princeſs took notice of; but fancying ſhe divined the reaſon, ſhe durſt not enquire farther into the matter, for fear ſhe ſhould be obliged to a clearing of the buſineſs, which it would

would be much better for the repoſe of this Prince, that he ſhould be ignorant of as long as he ſhould love her as he did.

About noon they entred the City, and were no ſooner arrived at the Palace, than that Queen *Iſabella*, followed by Admiral *de Loria*, came and caſt herſelf at the Kings feet, to beg of him Captain *Bellamare's* pardon, accuſing her ſelf of all the diſorder, and that it was ſhe, who believing that ſhe had but too much reaſon to complain of the Queen of *Majorca*, had reſolved upon having her carried away, and had the deſign accordingly put in execution by this Captain. The King amazed at this new Hiſtory, which he knew not yet of, look'd upon the Queen with eyes to give her to underſtand how much he was diſpleaſed ſhe had any ſhare in this action; and that it was an effect of her ill humour. He made her no anſwer, but turning towards the Admiral, who was alſo at his feet to ask him the ſame boon; *I grant you the requeſt*, ſaid he to him,

yet

yet have a care, added he ſmiling, *leſt the friendſhip you have for this Cavalier changing into a paſſion when you know him better, you be not the firſt to complain of him; for he is a more dangerous perſon than you are aware of.*

The King was herein a Prophet! He ſent to ſeek for the Captain, and after ſome queſtions which he asked him before all the Court, about the carrying away the Queen of *Majorca*, having turned the thing into raillery, he told him, it would be to no purpoſe for him to endeavour to conceal himſelf any longer from him, that he knew all his circumſtances, and that the honour too of the Queen of *Majorca* did require he ſhould declare what he was. Inſomuch that without ſuffering himſelf to be preſſed any farther, ſeeing he could not avoid it, he made a full confeſſion bluſhing, and caſt all the company into the greateſt ſurprize that people can be in.

Roger de Loria, whom the King eyed attentively, was become as motionleſs, and ſtarting of a ſudden from the aſtoniſhment, after what he had ſeen

ſeen performed by this Cavalier, to the admiration that it was a Lady, he became infinitely in love with her.

Queen *Iſabella* full of confuſion, and plunged into vexation and melancholy, to ſee that all ſhe undertook had that ill ſucceſs, and that the King was upon the pont of falling more in love than ever with her Rival, and of treating her by conſequence with more and more contempt, went forthwith to bed, and finiſhed in a few days the courſe of ſo ſad a life.

The King, though very much prepoſſeſſed with his paſſion, was extremely concerned at her death, which he ſaw he was the only cauſe of. This made him come again ſomething to himſelf, and reſolve to rid himſelf by little and little of a fancy that had already coſt him ſo dear, and which could be of no uſe to him, as he was at the length acquainted from the Queen of *Majorca*'s own mouth: Not that ſhe thereby intended to have the more freedom with the Count *d'Aveline*. She kept ..ere-

in all the Laws that the moſt ſevere *Decorum* could preſcribe her, having ſeen him but once ſince his return to *Barcelonna*, and that too in the Kings company; and this caution ſhe uſed as well to hinder people from prattling, her amours with this Cavalier having made but too much noiſe in the world, as not to diſpleaſe this Prince, whoſe diſpoſitions in her favour ſhe had a mind to manage for the deſigns ſhe had.

Queen *Iſabella* being thus dead, the King, as I have ſaid, more afflicted at this loſs than could have been expected, and than he himſelf could have hoped for, found the flame of that great paſſion ſomewhat abated he had had for his beautiful Queen, and fell a King with her as a ſincere friend, to which this Princeſs did not a little contribute in propoſing to him the marriage of the Princeſs *Blanche* her eldeſt Siſter. And that this Affair might be treated with the more leiſure, and the leſs trouble, ſhe obtained a truce from the King her Father, who granted it againſt the conſent

ſent of the Count *d'Artois*, who out of the ſpight he entertain'd upon this account, thinking he could not fail of victory, quitted his ſervice and return'd into *France*.

At this time *Amfus* King of *Arragon*, and eldeſt Brother of King *James*, came to die, which fully diſpoſed all things to peace; inſomuch that by the mediation a-new of *Boniface* the 8th it was concluded, with the marriage of the Princeſs *Blanche* to *King James*, who was become King of *Arragon*, promiſing on his ſide to marry her, to leave *Sicily*, and to releaſe the three Sons who were in Hoſtage at *Barcelonna*; and the *Pope* with this *King* would oblige on their part the Count *de Valois* to renounce the Inveſtiture of the Kingdom of *Arragon*, which he had received from *Martin* the fourth. Whereupon *Charles* went in perſon into *France*, to finiſh the Concluſion of this Peace.

The news of the King of *Majorca*'s Death arrived at that time at *Barcelonna*: the Queen was no more

afflicted at theſe tydings than were others; but ſhe had the prudence and diſcretion not to ſhew any joy; and the King of *Arragon* not being willing to leave any thing imperfect, having a deſire to ſhew how far the generoſity of a Soul truly Royal can extend, and which knew how to ſubdue it ſelf, interceded with King *Charles* for a Match between 'em: The Count *d'Aveline*, beſides his particular merit, was of an Extraction that allowed him to aſpire to Princeſſes of the Blood: ſo as having alſo employed in his behalf the ſollicitations and good Offices of ſeveral other Princes his Friends and Allies, they at length prevailed with the King of *Naples* to give his conſent to this Alliance, having ever had a very tender kindneſs for this Lord. He began to recover of his wounds, but this piece of news perfected his cure; the King himſelf would needs bring him theſe joyful tydings, and do the like at the ſame time to the Queen, whom he deſired that ſhe would be pleaſed to make

make a visit with him to her *Deliverer*; for so he had always called him since the business of the Rape; and having declared to them both the favourable dispositions King *Charles* was in for them, having given his consent to their Marriage, he left them alone to have the more freedom to entertain one another with all those endearing expressions which Love inspires two Lovers with in such occasions.

There was now none unhappy but the poor Admiral, who languished with love for a cruel Lady; but the King would needs render him contented too, representing to the Countess that the Count being engaged, it was no great misfortune to meet with a man so illustrious as *de Loria*, who loved her passionately, and in whom there was all that could render happy a Lady of her quality; insomuch that within a few dayes he prevailed with her to give him her hand: And by this Wedding began the entertainments and rejoycings

cings in this Court, which was ſuddenly followed by that of the Kings: After which our Lovers impatient of ſeeing theirs alſo concluded, departed from *Barcelonna* with the three Princeſſes, vvent into *France*, vvhere they vvere ſtayed for by King *Charles*, and being arrived ſix months after at the Court of *Naples*, they had there the mighty ſatisfaction of ſeeing their Vovvs accompliſhed.

The End of the third and laſt Part.

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FINIS.